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Poetry.

For the Blade.

GOING TO MOVE OUT WEST.

BY J. H. ASHBRANNER.

We've sold the old farm, Mary, and are going to move out West,
But, spite of all their talking, I like the old place best;
Perhaps our sons and daughters will stand a better show,
But when were old and feeble it's awful hard to go.

I'm not very sensitive, Mary, and not much given to tears,
For I've stood the rough-and tumble for more than sixty years,
But when our friends and neighbors come in to say good-by,
I'll tell you what, I'm not ashamed for them to see me cry.

To-day, when we were going to town to sign the deed
My heart beat like a hammer and I trembled like a reed,
For it seemed to me like signing the deed of life away,
To give up all our treasures when we are old and gray.

Yes, here are treasures, Mary, that are not bought and sold—
The scenes of joy and sorrows more dear to us than gold—
The home where first we started together in this life,
When I became your husband and you became my wife.

I know the farm is rocky and hilly at the best,
And land is rich and level and cheaper in the West,
But we have lived here, Mary, since you and I were wed,
And the trees there on the hillside are waving 'bove our dead.

There's where our first-born slumbers that blessed our married life,
And found our hearts together as one in man and wife;
And it is hard, dear Mary, to break the cords of love,
That bind the old plantation to the spirit forms above.

But the farm is sold now, Mary, and our home is not our own,
My eyes are dim with weeping, and my heart is cold as stone;
We've said the words of parting and the hand of friendship's pressed,
And next week's sun will find us on our journey to the West.

But here, before this altar, that we reared so long ago,
Let's kneel at once more together, and pray before we go,
That when we end life's journey and our throbbing hearts stand still,
We may stand to-gether, Mary, over yonder on the hill.

New Albany, Ind.

For the Blade.

WHO KNOWS?

I am wandering lonely, groping for light,
In unceasingness, shadows and woes;
To know how to follow God's behests aright.
Who knows?

The Christian, the Islamite, Buddhist and Jew
Each tells us that God's mercy flows
Along through the doctrines they preach to the world.
Who knows?

The Bible, the Koran, the Jewish Talmust,
Each the way to eternal life shows;
Which is right? Which is wrong? I fervently ask.
Who knows?

O why should there be such mists and such pain
From the first dawn of life to its close,
Among people who all aim to reach paradise?
Who knows?

In the name of religion—sacred sacred to me—
What cruelties lost'res disclose;
Can any one tell why such passion and strife?
Who knows?

Will church, creed or sect be hear-d of in Heaven,
Where the white throne with radiance glows,
Where with God's wondrous love we are all
judged aright?
God knows!

THE PRESIDENTIAL ROSTER.

The American Presidential line
Began in sixteen eighty-nine;
The roll was led by Washington,
Who had two terms; then Adams one,
Jefferson, Madison and Monroe
Repeated each the two terms, although
John Quincy Adams had but one.
"Old Hickory" twice the honor won.
Van Buren was the next enrolled;
One term the office he controlled.
Harrison died and left years four
For Tyler. Polk next the burden bore,
Zach Taylor died in years scarce two,
And Fillmore filled the balance due.
The next for a full term was Pierce,
Buchanan has equal claims to verse.
Abraham Lincoln, first Republican,
Was shot as his second term began;
And Johnson ruled until came Grant,
Who had two terms, Hayes one, and scant
Four months had Garfield, who was killed,
And Arthur the vacant office filled.
Now Cleveland heads the government
As the Centennial President.

Our Story Teller.

Written expressly for the Blade.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE SUN;

A Tale of the Mexican Border.

BY COL. S. S. LISPENARD.

CHAPTER IV.

It was the morning of the same day as the events last narrated. The walls of the Norton hacienda shimmered in the blinding rays of the sun, not yet three hours high in a cloudless sky. The air was still, and all who could had sheltered themselves from what promised to be a most torrid day.

But Don Jose had not been deterred by the anticipated heat, and had started very early to attend to some matters needing his direction on a distant part of his rancho. Dudley, tired of inaction, and anxious to test his restoration, had requested to accompany him, and Leiter, whom they met as they started, also went with them.

Nina was thus alone. She had often been left thus, and thought nothing of it; but now she felt lonely, for almost the first time in her life. The advent of Dudley had made such a marked change in the narrow circle of her home, and such an agreeable one, that she missed his first absence since he had been brought to the hacienda. The greater portion of her waking hours had been spent in his company. He was educated and cultivated; and the young girl, who had heretofore implicitly turned to her father as the sum of all wisdom, found in the conversation of Dudley, fresh from the quick life of the American cities, a diversion and a relief she had never before experienced.

The morning seemed long to her. She loitered among the plants in the patio, till the sun drove her thence, when she ascended to the library. Nestling in girlish fashion in a great arm-chair, she picked up a book of Dudley's, which he had been reading to her. It was Owen Meredith's "Lucile."

But the charm was gone from the rhythmic line—their melody was cloying, now that it was not rendered in the well modulated tones of Dudley's rich voice. She tossed the volume pettishly upon the table.

"Oh, I'm restless! What is the matter with me?" she ejaculated. Leaning negligently back in her chair, she sank into a reverie, with eyes closed, her hands pressed over them. A bird in one of the cages hanging on the gallery, burst into song. Her *canarid azul*—or blue canary, a song bird found in most Mexican homes—hanging in his cage in the window, roused to emulation, began a rival burst of melody.

"Ah, Pepito! You weary me!" said she, rising and crossing the room to the gilded cage of her pet. She played with him a moment, and restlessly re-crossed the room.

"The morning is very, very long! Let me see!" and she looked at the clock on its bracket. "They have been gone three hours—they surely will soon come! I am lonely—and restless!"

A line of some forgotten verse crossed her mind: "The sweet unrest of love." She sank again in the chair, and as the thought was formulated, "Am I, then, in love?" a wave of color deepened from each cheek and spread, until the white neck, and even the beautiful brow, were crimsoned.

It was a self-revelation. She felt the master-passion, and knew that the solution was the true one; that her restlessness, her watching and waiting, were not for her father, but for Willard Dudley!

With maiden shyness, even though she knew she was alone, she tried to crush back that knowledge. "Nonsense!" said she to herself, the maiden blush still on her face, "that I should love a man I have known but a week!"

Yet it was true; and she sat in dreamy reverie, with Willard the object of her thoughts, her eyes absently fixed on a portrait of some dead and gone Herrera, that hung on the wall opposite her.

The sharp clang of a horse's hoofs upon the stone pavement of the patio roused her. "They have come!" cried she in gladness, as she ran to the window.

But it was neither her father nor Dudley. A peon stood holding the bridle of Don Diego Santerra's horse as he dismounted. She drew back at once, and resented herself. A minute afterward, a servant announced Santerra, who entered, bowing low to Nina.

She received him ceremoniously but frankly. Santerra was a neighbor—the only one of their own rank within miles; and though the intercourse between himself and Don Jose had never arived at the point of intimacy, yet he visited the hacienda often enough to put him on a friendly footing.

"Ah, Don Diego," said Nina, when formal greetings had been exchanged, "I am sorry that papa is not at home. But if you will be seated, he will certainly not be long. He promised to return before this, and I am expecting him every moment."

Though the Nortons were the only American family in that section, Don Jose had reared his daughter in the forms of Northern rather than of Mexican civilization. The Mexicans keep their women in comparative seclusion, and for a Mexican gentleman to call at a friend's house and be received alone by a young lady would be an unheard-of thing. Nina, however, had had nurses and governesses from the States, the last of whom had left several months before. The seclusion of Western Sonora became irksome to them all, and none had stayed longer than the twelvemonth which Don Jose had always made a stipulation in their engagements.

Don Diego bowed and took a seat. Then turning to Nina, with a slight air of embarressment, he replied: "It is well, Senora. I came not to see Don Jose, but yourself."

Nina bowed her head, and prepared to listen.

"In fact," went on Santerra. "I knew that your father was absent, and came on that account. I know that American customs in these matters are not as are ours here in Mexico, and so came to consult you, Senora, before addressing myself to your father."

Nina was mystified. Not the slightest idea of his intent had dawned upon her.

"I am honored, Don Diego," she replied; "but what is there I can do for you? I shall be most happy, I am sure."

"Ah, Senora," answered Don Diego, rising from his seat, and approaching her; "it is that you will make me the happiest of men."

"The happiest of men? I do not understand you, Don Diego!"

"Not understand me, Senora? Not understand me when I talk of love?"

"Love?" exclaimed Nina, a warm flush again rising to her face.

Santerra misinterpreted the blush. But it was not love for the Mexican; it was the recollection of her previous reverie, the memory of her new found love for Dudley, that had brought the roses to her cheek. Santerra marked it with exultation; and with a hasty step forward he dropped in courtly manner on one knee, clasping Nina's hand as he did so.

"Yes, love, adorable Nina! I love you madly, devotedly! I have loved you truly and long. Make me happy by returning that love—be my wife!"

"Your *wife*, Don Diego?" said Nina, wonderingly, striving to draw her hand from his clasp.

"Yes, wife! The Santerra name is as proud a one as there is in Sonora; it dates in Mexico from the Conquest, in Spain from the Crusades! My estate—"

"But, Don Diego," exclaimed Nina, "who is Paquita?"

Nina had never visited the hacienda of Don Diego, but she had heard of Paquita, the handsome half-breed Mexicana, who ruled the Don's establishment.

"Paquita!" answered Santerra, with an embarassed laugh, "Paquita is my—my—housekeeper!"

A light dawned upon Nina. Snatching her hand from Santerra's clasp, she exclaimed, "You insult me, Senor!"

A red flush crept into Santerra's swarthy face as he rose from his knee. "Think again, Senora! I have never had a wife. I love you—I ask your hand!"

"No, Senor," returned she, with freezing dignity. "I never dreamed that you were unmarried. I never thought of you as a lover. I do not—could not—love you!"

"But, Senora, if your father—"

"My father would not wish me to marry any one I could not love," interrupted Nina, "and I can never love you, Don Diego. Say no more, Senor!"

The flush had been succeeded by a gray pallor on the cheek of Don Diego, and anger shook him like a leaf. Grinding through his teeth a curse, he drew near to Nina, and exclaimed furiously, "It is as I thought! You love the accursed American—you love Dudley!"

Nina's eyes fell, and her cheek was dyed rose-color. "You forget yourself, Don Diego!" she began, but Santerra interrupted, furiously:

"Let him look to himself, the meddling Gringo! He who interferes with a Santerra does well to pray for his soul!"

"Stop, Senor!" commanded Nina. "You shall answer for this insult!"

"I am ready!" hissed Santerra. "And I tell you, Senora, I will not accept your answer! You shall—"

Nina heard the hoof-beats of horses. "My father—Dudley!" exclaimed she, rushing to the window. It was indeed the two, returning.

A fierce smothered curse burst from the lips of Santerra. With a powerful effort he turned again to Nina, and said, in a subdued voice:

"Senora, I humbly crave your pardon! I am a beast—a fool! I meant nothing by my words. I was angry—my hasty temper overcame me!"

Nina bowed coldly.

"And may I hope," continued he, craftily, "that this conversation may be private with ourselves? You have refused me—you had the right. Is not the disappointment enough, without letting others know of it, to laugh behind their backs at the rejected lover? Will you not grant me the boon not to speak of this—not even to Don Jose?"

"I have no wish to speak of it, Senor," replied Nina, haughtily, "and the less, because I do not consider a proposal a compliment, coming from *you*. I shall not tell my father, so long as you forbear attempting to put your foolish threats into execution!"

"You have my thanks, Senora," replied he, an expression of relief crossing his face. "My words were but those of an angry man—they meant nothing!"

And bowing low, he left the room. After a short conversation with Don Jose, he mounted his horse and left the hacienda.

But Santerra's anger burst forth as soon as he left the house some distance behind. Pushing his horse into a furious gallop, as if to keep pace with his dark thoughts, he did not draw rein until he reached the plaza of Apizaco. Dismounting before the door of a low drinking shop, he took a deep draught of *mezcal*, the fiery Mexican brandy, whose potent spirit sets the brain on fire. Then turning to the two or three low-browed Mexican vagabonds in the room, he invited them also to drink.

The invitation was accepted with alacrity, with many thanks. Meanwhile, Santerra, watching his opportunity, made a sign, unobserved by any other, to one of them, who followed him from the room.

"Juan," said Santerra, as he remounted, "I have work for you. Where is Domingo?"

"Asleep, Senor," answered Juan.

"Get him and come to my hacienda in two hours. Let no one see you leave Apizaco—do not be seen together. You shall have money—I have been lucky, and have gold. Do you understand?"

"Si, Senor," answered Juan, his eyes flashing at the mention of gold.

"Remember, then, to be there in two hours! Silence!" and Santerra took his way homeward.

The hacienda was not so large, nor yet so preientious a structure as that of the American cattle-king, but it was ample for the household of Santerra, which consisted, besides the half-breed Mexican woman, Paquita, of two or three servants, and a half-dozen vaqueros. The whole building wore an air of neglect, and was sadly out of repair. Santerra had the Mexican rage for gambling, and hence was always in debt, and without means to repair or to refurnish his residence.

Santerra's own particular den was a large, bare room on the second floor. It was furnished only with a table, now littered with a lariat, two or three odd spurs, a hunting knife, and other articles; a writing desk stood at one side, with a leather-covered chair before it. Two or three other chairs were scattered about the room, and the walls were hung with ponchos, bridles, etc.; and a fine American rifle, in its case, stood in one corner.

It was here that Santerra received Juan and Domingo, when they made their appearance. The latter was a half-breed, whose hang-dog countenance was worse, if possible, than that of Juan.

"Now," said Santerra, after a drink or two of mezcal had been poured down their throats, "do you know Senora Nina—the daughter of Don Jose, the Americano?"

Both signified their assent.

"And does she know you, Juan—or you, Domingo?"

After some discussion it was agreed that she did not.

"Well, then—but stop! Let us be safe." And Santerra went to the door, which opened on the gallery running around the courtyard, and looked carefully around. Seeing no one, he closed it and returned.

"Now listen, Juan and Domingo! It is necessary that I should have the Senora Nina in my power. You, bravos, must do the work."

"Not—?" and Juan drew his right forefinger suggestively across his throat.

"No, fool! You must not harm a hair of her pretty head. Listen, once more! Last evening and the evening before that, she rode with that accursed Americano—alone, the two of them! She may do so this evening. You are to watch, and if they ride this evening you are to do the work."

"And the Americano, Don Diego?"

"Curse him!" hissed Santerra. "But, hold! No, no, it will not do! He must not be killed; but capture him—tie him so that he will not be able to give the alarm, till you are safely away with the pretty Senora,"

"And where shall we cage the little bird?"

"You know the abandoned silver works in the mountains, beyond the Rio Saltero? On the trail that leads past the Aztec ruins? Go by that trail to the silver works. There is a cabin there which is in good repair. Put her in the upper room, lock her in, and watch in the lower room until I come."

Juan shook his head dubiously. "It is a difficult piece of work, Senor," said he. The risk is great. Not only have we to fear Don Jose, but the three Gringoes—curse them! They will overtake us—they will find the girl!"

"Ah, faint heart!" said Santerra, grimly. "Do you not think I understand you? You wish to magnify your price. Look you, bravos! I will give you five hundred reals if you do this work!"

"Five hundred reals!" said Juan, somewhat in surprise. "Well, Senor, that is a good reward; but when?"

"One hundred reals now—the remainder when the work is done!" and Santerra counted out the money. And after further conversation, settling the details, the two bravos took their departure.

When he had dismissed his minions, Santerra turned to his desk and took out the pocket book he had taken from the dead body of the man he had called Jeronimo, killed by the Apache arrow. Opening it, he carefully looked over the papers it contained, as if to assure himself of their safety.

"Aha, Don Jose!" chuckled he, as he placed the book carefully in an inner pocket, "if you but knew! With Nina in my hands, I can dispossess you of your broad rancho, of your cattle, yes, even of your home, and all it contains! If you but knew that I have the secret of your life in my keeping!"

But neither of the three knew that there had been an eavesdropper. Paquita was a woman, and therefore curious; and she knew enough of former exploits by Juan and Domingo in the pay of Santerra to feel sure that something was in the wind when she saw Santerra come to the door and look cautiously for listeners. She was in her own room, across the court-yard from that of Santerra. He had not observed her. As soon as he closed the door she ran lightly around the gallery—she knew the upper rooms had no other occupants—until she reached the room adjoining Santerra's.

The thick adobe walls, however, prevented her hearing even a sound, so slipping out upon the gallery—her feet were bare, as are usually those of Mexican women of the lower order—she crouched under the open window of the room occupied by the three plotters.

When she left her position, it was to run lightly again to her own room, and throw herself on the couch in an agony of tears. She loved Santerra with all the fierce passion of her tropical, half-savage nature, and she leaped at once to the conclusion that Santerra would marry Nina by force.

Paquita paced her room like a caged lioness, watching meanwhile intently the movements of the three men. She saw the two bravos leave the hacienda on horseback, and take a little-used trail that would bring them directly into the forest along the river valley. Still she waited, anxiously watching for Santerra. Almost an hour passed; then he came out equipped for a journey. He ordered his horse and rode away, taking the trail that led to Apizaco.

She waited until he had passed from sight, and then hurriedly wrapping about her head and shoulders her gay *rebozo*—a thin-woven, light cotton mantle, some three yards long by three-quarters wide, the pride of every Mexican woman—she quietly left the hacienda and followed.

She kept the trail until nearing the town, when she diverged to the left, and soon reached the valley of the Rio Virgin. Once among the trees, she increased her pace, and rested not until she reached the Indian pueblo, where she disappeared within the adobe hut of old Pacheco.

CHAPTER V.

Nina and Dudley started on their ride that evening, destined to be so eventful to both, chatting gayly. Nina felt self-conscious, since the revelation of her heart in the morning, but happy to be with Dudley; while he was in a state of bliss as he rode by the side of the girlish figure, set off by a neat-fitting drab riding-habit, of American pattern—a garment, by the way, not much seen or used south of the Rio Grande. Her golden hair was coiled compactly, and surmounted by a semi-military cap, with broad visor, to shield her face from the sun. She was a good horsewoman, and like all such, made an enchanting figure on horseback.

As they went along together, Nina suggested that they find Fritz, and ride home with him. Both knew that he had gone some distance down the Rio Virgin valley to visit a "weed prairie," which is a veritable paradise for an enthusiastic botanist. A weed prairie is an area of level land, low enough to be covered with vegetation that cannot thrive on the drier plateaus higher up. The flaunting flowers of the semi-tropics, the climbing vines, tall reeds and grasses, form a perfect thicket, as high as a horse's shoulder, and impenetrable for any great distance. The water meadows of the Rio Virgin, lower down, expanded into comparatively damp areas, which were covered with this rank vegetation; and it was to visit one of these that Leiter had set out after the noon meal at the hacienda.

Had it not been for the acknowledgement to herself that morning that she loved Dudley, she would not have suggested the idea of going to meet Fritz. She took unalloyed pleasure in Dudley's company, but she feared her own heart, now that she knew its preference. Not for worlds would she have allowed Dudley to see that she entertained any feeling save that of friendship for him. And she watched herself as closely, and chose her words as deftly, as a girl with the experience of a season in the whirl of New York society.

Now it happened that Willard Dudley was just at the same time taking counsel of his own heart concerning Nina. His horseback trip with Don Jose that morning had shown him that he had fully recovered. There was no reason why he should stay longer at the hacienda or in the village. There was nothing here to detain him, he said to himself—and Fritz and Ryder were impatient to be gone. But how to leave Nina! that was the question. The little American girl, whom he had discovered here in the wilds of Western Sonora, attracted him strangely. Her beauty not only was great, but her charms of mind were greater. She was well educated in the love of books; and, while her manners were such as would grace any drawing-room, there was a freshness, a *naiveté* about her that was a charm in itself.

Then came the question—would her father consent to give her up? Life at the hacienda would be monotonous, even with Nina for a companion; and his friends, his affiliations, all were in the United States. But would not Don Jose return to the States to be with Nina? Dudley had an indefinable impression that he would not. Why, it would have been hard to tell; yet he felt it to be true.

But what mattered it, after all? Nina might not care one whit for him; all speculations as to the future were of no value so long as the main point was unsettled. And then, after the fashion of all lovers since the world began, he tormented himself with the inward query, whether it were possible that Nina could love him?

Notwithstanding this undercurrent of thought passing through their minds, Dudley and Nina chatted and laughed together as if no unquiet thoughts worried their minds.

"Do you know, Miss Nina, I should be glad to have you at home, just to show the ladies how to ride?"

"Many thanks, Mr. Dudley. If ever I am reduced to the necessity of earning my own living, I shall avail myself of your kind advice, and come to the States to teach the ladies equestrianism."

"I accept the reproof you imply," returned Dudley. "Of course I should be glad—very glad—to meet you up North, and try to requite the kindness you and your father have shown me—"

"Is it so hard, then, Mr. Dudley, for you to remain under a sense of obligation? Cannot you credit papa and me with being grateful to you for making an agreeable break in the monotony of our existence?"

"I am glad to be able to think I have been of any service to you, even in so poor a way as by my conversation," said Dudley. "My accidental visit to the hacienda has been most pleasant, in spite of the accident which led to it; and now that it is at its close, I can but thank the fates that threw me on your hospitality."

"At its close? You are not going away at once, Mr. Dudley?" said Nina, surprised into betraying the interest she felt in him.

"Yes, I must go; Lieter and Dick are anxious to be off; I am fully recovered, and must go on."

"I am very sorry," answered the girl, her blue eyes misty; "your stay has been most pleasant to—to papa and myself. I fear I shall miss you," and a wan little smile crossed her face as she looked at Dudley.

"Not more than I shall miss you, Nina," said Dudley, tenderly. "I have learned— "

The sentence was not finished. The trail they were pursuing was bordered on one side by a dense grove of trees; the other opened into an expanse of water meadow. Suddenly two Mexicans on horseback burst out from the trees immediately beside them. The black horse on which Nina was mounted, a half-tamed mustang, wheeled suddenly, almost unseating the girl, and dashed back over the road he had come, with one Mexican in pursuit. Dudley instinctively struck his spurs into his horse's flanks at the same instant, and the animal plunged forward down the river. His hand reached his belt, but he had left his revolver behind him. An instant later and a lariat encircled his body and he was dragged from his animal and thrown to the ground. Half stunned, he attempted to rise, but this effort was thwarted by a rude jerk on the rope. A cloth was bound over his mouth, and before his confused senses had returned to him, he found himself bound tightly to a tree.

All this had happened quicker than it has taken to write it. Dudley attempted to speak, but the gag prevented him. He tugged fiercely at his bonds, but they were too firm to yield. His captor gazed sardonically at him from his saddle, which he had regained, and appeared about to speak, when a rifle-shot was heard from the direction taken by Nina's horse in his flight.

The scoundrel stuck spurs into his horse and dashed off down the river. A moment later the second Mexican came down the trail, his horse in a furious gallop, and passed the helpless Dudley without a glance at him.

The hoof-beats died out in the distance, Dudley strained his ears to listen. There was not a sound to tell him what had become of Nina. And he was equally in the dark as to what had been the animus of this sudden attack. Certainly it was not robbery. His horse's bridle was tied to a branch of a neighboring tree. The Mexican had not attempted to search his pockets. Whence had come the shot? He struggled to free himself till the sweat poured down his face; it was of no use. He was bound too securely.

Meanwhile Fritz was enjoying himself to the top of his bent, nearly a mile away. He had reached the weed prairie, and finding it impossible to penetrate it, had ridden around its borders, making little incursions here and there where the growth of vegetation admitted it. He was seated under the shade, what little there was, of a huge group of wild cactus, a half-mile away from the trail, when he heard a distant shot. Busily employed in examining a new, to him, species of rhododendron, he paid no particular attention, but went on with his pastime.

Warned by the setting sun he finally remounted his horse, and leisurely retraced his way to the trail, and thence up towards Apizaco. Suddenly he noticed a man bound to a tree. A second glance told him it was Dudley. In a minute he had reached the spot, and with a stroke or two of his knife released his bonds, and removed the gag.

"Gott in Himmel, what is it, my friend? How come you here? Who has done this?" demanded he, excitedly.

Dudley rapidly put him in possession of the facts related above. Fritz was terribly excited, and talked volubly. Dudley, half mad with apprehension for Nina, leaped on his own horse, and they started for the hacienda.

Dick glanced over his right shoulder toward the hacienda, which was nearly two miles away. He looked ahead at the notch in the blue line of hills that told him where the pass was located. Much as he desired to give the alarm, he dared not leave the direct pursuit of the flying black with his precious burden. The horse was evidently making for his old home; he must try to keep him in sight, for after the pass was reached, there was no means of telling the direction he would take. No; he must keep the black in sight as long as possible.

Both horses settled into a long, steady stride. Dick knew his own animal was doing his best. He was slowly slipping behind the black; but Dick hoped the latter would, after a while, settle into a slower gait, so that he might come up with him. The horse was frightened, Dick reasoned; Nina would speak to him, reassure him, and when he began to tire, she would be able gradually to control him by her voice, he hoped. But she was bound; her arms were pinioned. If only the Mexican had not done his devilish work well! She might eventually free her hands, and regain the bridle.

Meanwhile the night was darkening rapidly. The black was almost a mile ahead, and keeping up his pace well. Dick bent down in his saddle, and spoke encouragingly to his horse, patting him on the shoulder. The intelligent animal lifted his head, gave a slight snort, and kept steadily on. Both were traveling in a direct line for the gap. On they went. The night deepened; the stars came out. Dick strained his eyes, but could not make out the form of the animal and his unwilling rider whom he was pursuing, save at rare intervals. He could hear nothing but the measured hoof-beats of his own animal, or perhaps the distant howl of the cowardly coyote.

Finally the pass was reached. The last glance Dick had of the black was as he was climbing the rocky path, over a mile ahead of him. One momentary glimpse; but it was enough to show him that he was on the right track.

Dick drew rein for an instant at the heap of stones that marked the last resting place of the poor victim of the Apache arrow. The black and his unwilling rider were out of sight. The last rays of twilight had disappeared; the moon would not rise till midnight—three hours away. Dick pondered the problem. The black horse had come from the direction of the burning posada; his rider must have received his death-wound flying therefrom.

So he pushed on. There was no trail—nothing but his own remembrance of the night ride of a week ago. But Dick had no fears but that he should be able to strike the exact spot. On he rode, his mind racked over Nina's probable sufferings, her fright, the dangers to which she would be exposed during the hours of night.

Time never passed on such leaden wings for Dick. His weary horse, with indomitable pluck, kept up his steady gait, cheered by encouraging words from his rider. Finally he recognized the distant line of trees that marked the course of the river, and in a few minutes he drew rein in front of the ruins of the burned posada.

Dismounting, he searched until he found enough fragments of wood to start a blaze, and carrying them to the bank, he built a fire. Grasping several fragments he went to the edge of the ford. He was gratified to see the fresh tracks of the black where he entered the water.

He allowed his horse to drink, and then taking several brands in his hand, he forded the stream. Dismounting on the very edge, he noted where the fugitive left the water, and could see, by the water that had dripped from his limbs, that he was not very far in advance—probably not more than a mile, he judged. He led his own horse, following the tracks, until it seemed certain that they followed the trail itself to the northward.

Mounting again, he followed slowly, dismounting now and then to make sure, where the trail was indistinct. An hour of this slow progress, and the moon rose, making it easy to follow rapidly. Onward he pushed to the northward, hour after hour.

The first faint glow of the coming day illumined the eastern sky as Dick observed, some distance ahead of him, a structure toward which the trail led. Was it the hacienda of a cattle rancho? Could he get food and aid there?

He urged his worn out horse forward. It was indeed a hacienda, but it was in ruins. The Apaches had been there also, and fire had completed their work. Dick rode through the dismantled gateway into the patio.

The black horse, weary with his long journey, stood there. Dick leaped from his own horse and walked up to him. He did not attempt to escape. He was still saddled and bridled, but he was riderless. A portion of the Mexican's lariat was still tied to the saddle; the ends had been cut with a keen knife. Where was Nina?

TO BE CONTINUED.

Disguised Himself in Good Clothes.

Edison, the inventor, has lately taken to wearing a high silk hat. His former head pieces have always carried a generous allowance of dust, cobwebs and the marks of acids. Walking up from the East Side laboratory the other day, he was much astonished to observe that the boys and girls made way for him with many marks of deference. Finally he was stopped by one little fellow, who said: "Father O'Brien, me mother, Mrs. Maloney, of avenue A, bids me ax' your Riv rince, since you be so often passin', to be kind enough to drop in on me grandmother, Mrs. Foley, who is clean gone with the rheumatism." "Father" Edison now wears his hat on one side and smokes a big cigar in going to and from his laboratory, much to the bewilderment of the youth of avenue A.—*Frank Leslie's.*

A solid silver balustrade, which has stood in one of the Mexican churches since the time of Cortez, was torn down not long ago and taken to the mint and coined, producing 60,000 silver dollars.

Humor.

NO THREE OF A KIND.

How a Man Won a Wager by Taking a Bone from a Cemetery.

From the Philadelphia North American.

"Billy" Wilson, as he is familiarly known, postmaster of Waterford, Camden county, tells the following good story in regard to a relative of his, who, for purposes of identification may be known as cousin Tom:

"On the farm on which Tom lived was an old family graveyard. It had been patronized by generations of Blankses, whose ashes, at the time I speak of, were so thickly sown in the soil that it would have been very hard, if not impossible, to dig a grave for a new burial without striking reminders of one or more of earlier date. In one part of this ground was a vault with a low opening, through which the corpse of many a stranger had entered, for it was customary in that section when a stranger or any one without friends died to deposit the body there. Perhaps this was done because in case the body should be claimed it could be easily recovered, but it was more likely that it was because it afforded an easy means of disposing of the friendless dead. At any rate, the bottom of the vault was piled thick with human bones.

"One night Tom and two companions had a quiet little carousal at home. I won't say that they were drunk as the hours of morning approached—oh, no! but they were exceedingly happy. It was nearing midnight when the subject of the old graveyard was broached, and one of the trio offered to lay a wager with another that he dare not go to the vault and bring back a bone.

"'Done,' said the other, 'I'll go,' and he lost no time in starting to win his bet. He had to go by a road which took a somewhat circuitous route, and the other snatched the white cloth from the table and went, posthaste, across the fields to be there first. He was successful, and wrapping the table cloth about himself he stood erect at the farther end of the vault. He had hardly taken his stand when his friend's hand was seen reaching down under the opening for a bone.

"'Put that down That's mine,' came a voice from the table cloth.

"The would be winner of the wager looked up, and seeing the ghostly form in the darkness of the vault laid down the bone and took up another.

"'Put that down. That's mine.'

"The voice was again obeyed, but another bone was taken.

"'Put that down. That's mine, too.'

"'No, I'll be blanked if it is. You haven't got three bones of the same kind,' and the fellow made off with his bone.

"The one in the table cloth ran back across the fields and reached the house first, where he told how he had lost his wager. A little after his friend came in with a shin bone in his hand and claimed the stakes, saying, 'I got it, but they made me put down two.'"

An Angelic Old Gentleman.

A lady was passing down the street when she happened to notice, standing at the corner, an old gentleman with the saintliest and serenest countenance that she ever saw. Every line in his placid countenance suggested benign and angelic repose; the white locks bordering his remarkable face heightened his general aspect of sweet saintliness, and his somewhat old-fashioned, but very neat garb, added an air of lofty refinement to his aspect.

It somehow occured to the lady that the angelic old gentleman was waiting to be translated, in a quiet and unostentatious manner, from the very midst of the earthly city to the sacred shining pavements of the heavenly one, when she noticed that he was observing an accident that had occurred in the street. A horse attached to a wagon had collided with something, and the two shafts had been broken squarely and completely off just in front of the horse's breast, to the great astonishment of the animal and driver, and the mystification of the people on the sidewalk.

Just then the saintly old gentleman saw the lady regarding him, and he remarked, half to her and half to himself:

"That's a d——d funny accident!"

And then he looked at her with so mischievous a twinkle in his eyes, and yet so completely without any sacrifice of his angelic dignity, that she somehow seemed to be reconciled to the profanity.

The Young Husband.

The robin nesteth again and he clotheth himself in sackcloth and ashes and runneth swiftly unto gates and knocketh, and telleth the doctor that the wife of his bosom travaileth much, and rusheth back again.

The old woman prophesieth a boy and he jumpeth up and down and cracketh his heels together with joy; the doctor speaketh words of wisdom and cautioneth him not to ratify before the returns are all in.

The night weareth wearily on and the young man waxeth impatient, but the old lady speaketh words of cheer and prophesieth yet again, and he biteth his time and awaiteth his reward. A cry smiteth his ear and the drum thereof, and he biteth his lip and kicketh himself again as the old woman poketh her head in the door and bringeth tidings of two more girls.—*Through Mail.*

He Got Even With Him.

A Danbury man was sure some one was tampering with his meal barrel. He drew a pencil line to show just how high in the barrel the meal was, and the next morning the meal was fully two inches below the mark. Then he had his idea, which was to set a steel trap in the meal. It worked well, and when he next visited the place the trap was gone, and there was a good deal of blood about, at which he chuckled greatly and told his neighbor, who praised his shrewdness, and together they kept watch for some one with damaged fingers. Before they found him, this shrewd man went in haste one morning to the barrel to take out meal. There was a click, and he was caught in his own trap, which the thief had returned and set just as he did it at first. He has had one finger set, and hopes to save two more from amputation.—*Danbury News.*

Wasn't Posted.

The editor of the Deadwood *Roarer* attended church for the first time last Sunday. In about an hour he rushed into the office and shouted to the telegraph editor:

"What in the blanked blazes are you fellows doing? How about this news from the seat of war?"

"What news?"

"Why all this about the Egyptian army being drowned in the Red sea. Why, the gospel sharp up at the church was telling about it just now, and not a word of it in this morning's paper. Bustle round, you fellows, and get the facts, or the *Snap Shot* will get a beat on us. Look spry there, and run an extra edition, if necessary, while I put on the bulletin board, 'Great English Victory in the Soudan!'"—*San Francisco Post.*

Quite Too Bad.

Conversation at a ball: She—"Why, how glad I am to see you to-night, Mr. S. Just think, it's fifteen years since I saw you last." He—"Quite remarkable, I declare." She—"That was my first ball, and I was a 16 year old debutante." He (using pencil and paper)—"Let's see, 16 and 15; 5 and 6 make 11, one to carry; 1 and 1 and 1 are 3; 31; that's right, Miss." She—"Oh, you abominable thing!"

A Humorist on Soap.

Almost every week some new theory is advanced regarding something that has endeared itself to the people from long association, and one of the latest is that Castile soap is not made in Castile, and moreover, instead of being the *ne plus ultra* and *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* of saponaceous purity, the very best of it is made from rancid olive oil and other unknown refuse. Think of it, gentle reader—the beautifully mottled soap which erstwhile played such an important part in your very first bath, and in the ablutions of a large part of the children in the civilized world, is said to be a likely cause of most skin diseases so prevalent, such as tetter, salt rheum, ringworm spavin, St. Vitus dance, stringhalt, eczema, seasickness, blind staggers, poll evil, rash, pimples, fistula, and many others.

The attack on Castile soap by the physicians is accounted for on one hypothesis, however. Some of the diseases enumerated above are constantly occurring among wealthy families, where the utmost attention is paid to cleanliness; and the physicians, unable to give any better reason, and knowing that the cause is expected to be explained, fall back on Castile soap, used in infancy, even it there hasn't been a piece in the house for years.

It is just barely possible that civilized people use too much soap, as frequent ablutions may have a tendency to open the pores of the skin for the admission of molecules, microbes, infusoria and various other parasites which the science of the last decade has brought to light. Savages and others not addicted to the use of soap to any great extent are, we believe, comparatively free from cutaneous eruptions, and it may be worth the while of some M. D. to investigate and see if we, as a nation, don't wash too much; or, the washing being all right as to frequency, whether we thoroughly rinse the soap off after each bath. That may be the cause of the trouble.

Another sanitary crank has lately commenced a crusade against oat meal. He should be caged and played to death with bagpipes.—*Peck's Sun.*

An Ancient Love Tale.

Here's an ancient connubial love tale resurrected entirely for the benefit of young married couples: Once upon a time, one of the most loving fellows that ever sent valentines to the fair sex called upon Copley, the painter. He interviewed the artist with a second wife clinging fondly to his arm, and requested the paint slinger to portray a family group for him. "I want," he said, "a picture of my present wife, my two children and myself. I wish also my poor deceased wife to be accurately depicted in the background. I can supply you with a capital sketch of the departed lady." Copley suggested that the lamented first wife should figure as an angel in the background; but the motion being received with scorn, the picture was satisfactorily executed according to order, and sent home. Three months only had elapsed when the loving fellow called upon Copley once more. This time a beautiful young girl was hanging on the loving fellow's arm. "Mr. Copley," he remarked in a hushed sad voice, "I had the misfortune to lose my second wife two months ago. May I ask you to now place my third wife in our family group?" The canvas being a large one, Copley saw no difficulty, and promptly introduced the charming lady into that family group—much to her satisfaction, for when he had finished, she said in the presence of her husband, "Now, Mr. Copley, just be good enough to scrape those other two ugly women out—at once?" "Certainly, Mr. Copley. Please do exactly as my wife wishes in the matter," ejaculated the most loving fellow that ever sent a valentine, as he kissed his latest spouse, and shed several salt tears of affection on her new bonnet strings; for which display of tenderness she boxed his ears soundly.—*Judy.*

She Found Him.

An amusing afterpart to a wedding ceremony in a neighboring city was furnished through the blunder of the chorister. The bride arrived from the East and the groom from the West, by previous agreement, having arranged to have the marriage take place in Detroit. The groom was detained by storms, and did not reach the city until Sunday evening. The two then sought the nearest minister, and found one at a neighboring church, where the usual exercises were being held. Having no previous knowledge what was to take place, the pastor had arranged his musical programme for an ordinary evening service, and had instructed the chorister to close the meeting with the hymn entitled, "I've Found a Friend." As soon as the newly wedded pair turned to leave the church the good pastor was amazed—notwithstanding his instructions—to hear the organist play the overture of the hymn agreed upon, and the choir rise and sing as follows:

I've found a friend, oh such a friend,
He loved me ere I knew him;
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus he bound me to him:
And 'round my heart still closer twine
Those ties which naught can sever,
For I am his and

SNAKES!

A Short Chapter of Real Life, as Recalled in the Memory of One of the Old Citizens.

Some 37 or 38 years ago, down in the central part of Ohio, or, it may possibly have been among the hills of Pennsylvania, a child was born. A fair and beautiful little boy, his mother thought him, and in the love that unconsciously comes to a mother for her offspring, she felt repaid for having gone down into the dark valley, "nigh unto death," that he might have an existence among men. For his sake she worked early and late, ever patiently, and with a never-dying hope that he would grow up and be a credit to her and all his friends. She loved the pretty little one, as he lay in helpless, trustful innocence upon her knees, and she fondled him, and her whole soul went out in thanksgiving to God for this blessing, as she felt his soft cheek and infant breath upon her bosom.

The little boy's parents were not wealthy, as the term is usually applied, but they appreciated the natural abilities of their child, and they gave their attention to his proper education, as far as their means would permit. He grew to be a fine lad and showed an unusual taste for literary works and the society of reading people. Before he attained his majority, however, the war broke out, and shoulder ing his musket, he went forth with the the thousands of others to fight the battles in defense of his country. Well and truly he served, and when the war was ended, the mother who had nursed him in childhood, might well, if she still lived, have felt proud of her boy, when he returned home with an honorable discharge from the service of his native land.

After the war he learned an honorable profession—for every man's trade is a profession—that of a cabinet and show-case manufacturer. In this work he was a very proficient hand and always commanded good mechanic's wages.

Some five or six years since, in an evil hour, possibly, he was induced to come to a town not many miles from your office, and take the position of foreman in a factory, in which capacity he was engaged when he became acquainted with a "high toned" and dashing saloon-keeper. He may possibly have had some acquaintance with him before he came to the town mentioned. I do not know how that was. At least chance appeared to throw them to together quite frequently, as the machanic was not much acquainted and not given to pushing himself forward, and, finally, though contrary to all the natural tastes or inclinations of our boy, an intimate friendship grew up between the mechanic and the saloon man, and it got so that their evenings were almost wholly spent together and at the saloon. Our mechanic boy was, as I have said, a man of more than ordinary intelligence, a reader and observer of human nature. He had liberal views on all literary subjects and was a very pleasant conversationalist, and I have, in days gone by, spent many an hour in talk with him, and felt that he was my equal if not my superior in literary attainments. However, when business became dull at the factory, he used to be found drifting in at the saloon door daytime as well as evenings. After awhile he got to staying there and attending bar when the saloon man had to be gone for a day or so, probably taking a drink when a customer asked him, and occasionally when they did not. And so it went along until about four years ago he—our little boy—born away off in the old home among the green hills, blessed by a mother's fostering care and fond caresses, prayed over, probably, that he might in his manhood be a credit to his name—purchased the saloon and stepped behind the bar to dispense hell and damnation to his friends, as his friend had done to him.

* * * * *

All last week you hear men on the street of the town mentioned, say with a hard, careless laugh, "Well ——'s got snaked" ——'s mighty bad with the *mul jams*." "Too bad, but I knew it would come that before long." And they would laugh and pass along. They didn't care. What is ——anyhow? Nothing but a drunken saloon-keeper, and one or two of them more or less, here or in the hot place below, makes but little difference.

Yes —— has been having "snakes" —which is nothing less than a vulgar term for the delirium-tremens—a horrible agony and terror, brought on by soaking in whisky, and compared with which, it is said, the torments of the damned are as nothing. Heavens! what a spectacle!

Who is this ——? Why, he is the lovely little boy of whom I spoke at the beginning of this article. He is the fair-haired little one who was hugged to his mother's joyous breast, and for whom God was thanked many a time by that mother's heart. Do you ever think of that, boys? Does it ever strike you when you see an old broken-down, drunken "bum," or decrepit, bleareyed prostitute, reeling along the streets, muttering curses on mankind and the very throne of Heaven itself in maudlin delirium, that he or she was once a mother's darling? That once a proud father held what you now behold as a wreck of humanity, in his arms and fondly

> —Thrust him in the hollow of his arms,
> And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks,
> Like one that loved him?

I know that we are all very much inclined to hate and despise the saloon-keeper. That we look upon him as an enemy to mankind—which is doubtless true—but it is a fact, nevertheless, that the man who so far descends in the scale of humanity as to allow himself to run a saloon or a "gin mill" almost invariably receives his reward, and in his own coin too. He should, therefore, be more properly pitied than hated, wept for than despised, for when his punishment does come, as it is sure to do, sooner or later, it is as terrible as the combined misery and desolation of all the homes he has helped to destroy and hearts he has, by his trade helped, to destroy.

I hardly know why I have written this, or what I have written, and I must leave the reader to draw his own moral—which I hope will not be hard to do. But I cannot help thinking about the above case, and what I had heard about it on the streets, this quiet Sunday evening, as I sat in the lamplight of my own pleasant home, with my little ones playing about me, and I thought possibly what I have written would serve to warn some poor soul and stop him this side of—Snakeville.

A Bluebird Tragedy.

Norwich Bulletin.

The golden-winged woodpeckers, popularly known as "wakeups," have taken up winter quarters in the tool house at Fairview reservoir. In order to enter the place they drilled a hole through a solid board large enough for one to pass in at a time, and, as the house is not often visited, find it a comfortable and quiet retreat. This is not the first time winter birds have found shelter there. In the winter of 1880 81, Fairview reservoir was being made, a stove was placed in the building, the pipe of which served for a chimney on the outside, and the laborers built a fire and warmed the house daily that they might dine comfortably. The work was stopped for several weeks and resumed again on one of the coldest days in midwinter. The workmen went to the building at noon and built a fire. They had not sooner lighted the kindling than they heard a great fluttering in the pipe, which finally reached the stove. Taking off the cover and looking in, a workman espied a mass of birds suffocating in the smoke. He let down the grate and put out the flames, but the birds were all dead. When the stove was cleared 47 bluebirds were removed from it. They had flown into the pipe and huddled together like bats to keep warm, and were thus suddenly overwhelmed and smothered by smoke.

—Physicians recommend as a cure for Heart Disease, nervousness and sleeplessness DR. GRAVES' HEART REGULATOR and are not disappointed. Many years it has stood the test. $1 per bottle. Free pamphlet of F. E. Ingalls, Cambridge, Mass.

MISS MACFRESNEY'S INNOCENT STRATAGEM,

By Which She Became the Happy Wife of a Most Estimable Man, Whom She Failed to Hold.

He never told his love, but she had, a great many times. He was Mr. Henry Summerlaw, and she was Miss Macfresney. He was an estimable salesman of dry goods, in a retail store, an unexceptionable dresser, with a manner that was as charming as possible. He had a broad, white, expansive forehead, large dreamy black eyes, hair parted in the middle with an exactness that was well-nigh miraculous, and which occupied a great deal of his mind, wonderful elegance in dress and a salary which, in his opinion, was very much below his deserts. "It's a shame," he was wont to exclaim, "that a fellow of such style that the best ladies come to the place to gaze on him, is compelled to live on $600 a year." And then he would talk of the time coming when business should be done in such a way that the bloated capitalist would not get all the profits, but that the creators of busines would have a fair showing, and hint as vaguely as a well-dressed man could at communism.

Miss Macfresney was a school teacher, with dramatic and musical aspirations, who had come hither from Fremont, expecting to obtain a place in the schools of Toledo. She preferred Toledo as a place of residence, as she would have a wider field for her especial talents than in the smaller city, where she had budded and blossomed. She could sing pathetic songs in a manner that compelled tears from her auditors, whether they would or no. Indeed, it was not uncommon, when she sat down at the piano, for many of them to leave the room abruptly. "I am too susceptible," they would each remark, "to endure so much pathos. It breaks me all up." And then her recitations! Her "Little Mabel with Her Face Against the Pane," was a masterpiece, and as for her "Bridge of Sighs," it was asserted and believed in that boarding house that no reader on the platform was worthy of being mentioned in connection with her. She lays over 'em all," was the common remark of the young salesmen who stayed to hear her.

Miss Macfresney had long been in love with the elegant Summerlaw, the acknowledged authority of the house in all matters of elegance, but Mr. Summerlaw did not reciprocate. He had no especial objection to her, for she was not, as he said several times, a "baddish looking girl," but her circumstances were such as would justify his looking at her from a matrimonial stand-point. When she should get a position with a salary of $1,000 a year he would think of it, for his employers had promised him by-and-by an advance of 20 per cent. But as she was not yet placed and his advance did not occur, he dismissed the idea of proposing to her, for he unfortunately he had committed himself just far enough to give her hopes, and she determined to possess him at all hazards.

Miss Macfresney and the landlady had a long conference one morning, and immediately thereafter a radical change was observed in the character of her entertainments. Instead of "Little Mabel" and innocuous recitations of that kind, she took to those of a more blood-curdling nature; those that required the letting down of her back hair, and furious rolling of the eyes, and the terrific rolling of the R's, and much gnashing of teeth and contortions of the face, and of writhing of the body. She did the mad scene in Hamlet, Ophelia, of course, and essayed Meg Merrilies and Helen M'Gregor, and did these things so resolutely as to give rise to various rumors as to the ultimate end of all this labor.

At last it leaked out. The landlady disclosed to an ancient spinster boarder, in strict confidence, so that it would be rapidly circulated, the fact that Mr. Frohman, of the Madison Square Theatre, New York, had seen Miss Macfresney in recitations, and had promptly decided that she was as much superior to Mary Anderson as daylight is to darkness, and had immediately engaged her at a salary of $500 a week, and was having a drama written for her, in which all her powers were to be given full scope. Her character was at once pathetic, humorous, tragic and musical. That Palmer was trying to take her out of Frohman's hands, as was Jarrett & Palmer, Wallack and Duff. But she was true to her first engagement, and would appear at the Madison Square, and was only waiting till the piece was finished, before commencing rehearsals.

Mr. Summerlaw cogitated. He had sold goods to actresses and had envied their husbands. It must be an excellent thing to be the husband of a lady who could command $1,000 a week, having nothing to do but to count the money and stand around the lobbies evenings, going out over an Lanon with the occupied, and speedily united to the object of his heart's adoration.

A few days after the ceremony had been performed, he ventured to ask how long it would be before the piece would be finished and rehearsals begin.

"What piece, darling?"

"The piece in which you are to appear, love," was his answer.

"I appear in a piece, you ridiculous thing —whatever do you mean?"

"Aren't you going to appear at the Madison Square Theatre, in a high-toned, blood-curdling drama, at $1,000 a week, and aren't you—"

"Why, of course not. I never heard of any such thing. Stay! Mrs. Ash did start such a thing as that sort among the boarders, as a joke upon me. You know she never did like my recitations, but I never paid any attention to it."

Out into the pitiless night rushed that unfortunate young man. He never came for his clothes, never went to the store for the arrears of salary due him, and was never heard of more. Miss Macfresney, or rather Summerlaw, left the house a few days after. There was a bitter dispute between her and the landlady on the subject of a shawl. Mrs. Summerlaw insisted that as Augustus had run away she could not be considered a married woman, and the landlady insisted with much warmth that she couldn't help that—she had done all she had agreed to. The only moral to this is, be sure you are right before you go ahead.

AT THE MASKED BALL.

A Frisky Gentlemen Gets Sold to the Tune of $100.

New York Letter.

Last night the Liederkranz society gave its annual ball. For the first time it was given at the new opera house, which was superbly decorated for the occasion. It has always been the habit of many fun-loving society matrons to go to this ball—*bien masqué, bien entendu*—and spend the evening in taking "rises" out of their men friends present, but never have there been so many as this time. The boom given to the ball by its new locality and curiosity to see how the little back parlor system would work brought them out in force, and men had the uneasy consciousness that that freedom which is so enjoyed at the French balls was not sufficiently guaranteed here to be indulged in, and modeled their conversational efforts accordingly, lest they should find themselves entertaining an angel unawares in the shape of a friends, wife or sister. It would be cruel to mention names, so your readers will have to be content with the following outline of as interesting a little episode as ever came to the notice of the writer: A well-known man in the beau monde fell a victim early in the evening to the charms of a particularly fascinating little siren. His devotion continued all the evening, but the siren was obdurate, and refused her name or a glimpse of her face. Finally she agreed upon the presentation of a nice new $100 bill to let him know next day her name and address, requesting him at the same time to make a note of the number of the bill. Wednesday the unfortunate man received the following epistle: "DEAR PAPA: I am so dreadfully hard-up this month. Can't I keep your nice new bank-note, No. —? Your affectionate daughter, ——." Signing the name of the good man's young and handsome married daughter. I saw the letter before it was dispatched, and beyond that my knowledge does not go, but I would be willing to wager that the larky parent in question will never see that bank note again.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

A Valuable Remedy For Gravel

Dr. T. H. NEWLAND, Jr., St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have used it in diseases of the urinary organs, such as gravel, and particularly spermatorrhœa, with very good results and think it a very valuable remedy in those diseases."

The proposed canal treaty between the United States and Nicaragua unanimously passed the Nicaraguan senate Saturday.

PURE WATER.

Its Rarity—Impure Water as a Source of Disease.

Caterer.

The New York *Herald*, in one of its issues of last March, says: "It is probable, contaminated water has slain thousands." Dr. Koch in his August lectures says: "An improved water supply is the best means of checking cholera;" and Dr. Bouchardet, whose personal experience extends through five cholera epidemics in Paris recommends "that all drinking water be perfectly filtered." These and a host of other such warnings have led many people to turn their attention to the filtering of their drinking water—though too often giving that intended for cooking purposes the full benefit of all foreign deleterious matter that might be floating in it. Others eschew the ordinary drinking water and adopt the rather expensive practice of using for that purpose the many varieties of mineral waters, trusting that these may be free from objectionable drugs and acids.

The filter is a remedy, certainly; but there is one unfortunate thing in connection with it. Many people imagine that a filter, once bought, should last forever, without any attention further than to supply it with water. This is a grave error. There should be such attention given as will keep it free from the impurities which daily accumulate in the bodies of the filtering mediums; otherwise the result is worth than useless, because the water, after a few days, merely passes through the accumulations of fine dirt lodged in the filtering materials, and this dirt, not having any access to the purifying effects of air, light and sun, decomposes and ferments. Thus, the water passing through, not only retains its own impurities held in solution, but gathers additional taint from the filter. True, the waters may be clear in appearance, for it has been deprived, by straining, of its solid, floating particles; but this end could be as well accomplished by passing it through a pile of sand and dirt gathered from our streets. The danger lies in impurities held in solution. These no amount of straining can remove, any more than they could the sweetness from a gallon of water in which a pound of sugar had been thoroughly dissolved. To be sure, straining is an essential part of the process of successful filtering, namely the removal from the water of all matter held in suspension, but the remaining and most important part—to free it from noxious substances held in solution—can only be the result of chemical action; and for this purpose charcoal is generally conceded by scientists to be the best known agent.

REDUCING WAGES.

An Old Railroad Man's Views on the Necessity of Cutting Wages of Employes—General Managers and Superintendents Ought to Share in the Luxury with the Other Boys.

Meeting an old railroad man the other day, and knowing that he took considerable interest in railroad matters, although he had long since turned his attention to other business, a BLADE reporter asked him what he thought of the Wabash making another cut of ten per cent in the wages of its employes. He said: "Perhaps I ought not to talk upon that subject. I have been employed in railway service for many years, and my sympathies are naturally with the men. Their's is no easy lot, I know their aspirations, feelings and their faithfulness in serving the road. They come to have as much pride in the road that employes them as if they were stockholders in the same and living off their dividends. They are as loathe to admit that an accident has occurred from the negligence of a fellow-workmen as a lawyer is to own up to the loss of a case from his own unskilfulness.

"Some people think that the railroad man has an easy place and good pay. Some have good places but look at the thousands that are out of doors in all kinds of weather. Conductors, brakemen, engineers, firemen and trackmen all have a rough and tumble life. It is hard to find a vocation that is filled with hardships greater than the railroad man has to endure. Their instructions are strict and must be obeyed to the letter. The lives of many people may depend upon one's man's living up to orders. In return for such service they are not only entitled to good compensation, but to the respect of their employers. I travel a great deal and have occasion to observe with what attention the railroad is served by its men. It always makes me feel sad to read of a railroad making a reduction in wages. Imagine an old and faithful engineer, if you please, who has been in the company's service from ten to twenty years and has stepped upon every rung of the ladder of promotion, facing a poster of the company, telling him that there must be a reduction of ten per cent. in his wages. Isn't that enough to discourage men!

It looks as if there must be a screw loose somewhere when such a thing is found necessary just on coming out of a hard winter. Certainly there must be a cause for this somewhere. That the winter has been a severe one upon railroads it is true, but during times of prosperity the roads make enough to lap over any little deficiency of the dull months of the year. Can the reason not be traced to the extravagance of the officers of the road? It has come to such a pass lately that general and division superintendents must all have private cars. These cars usually cost from $5,000 to $10,000 each, and even more. I heard of one private car that cost over $17,000. A few years back the private car was not thought of. The general superintendent would take a birth in a sleeper or take a seat in a coach the same as anybody else. But now raise a man to the position of division superintendent, and he immediately acquires an inspiration for a private car that must be appeared even though a reduction in the wages of employes follow. In his private car, with everything first-class, including cigars, the gentle superintendent loses his interest in the employes.

There is another fruitful source of necessity for reduction of wages by the railroads, and that is the giving of cheap rates by them. Not being content with carrying its proper proportion of the passengers, a road will cut the rate. This brings on a rate war, and the roads engaged in it seem to go wild. The fare goes down until people are won from their homes who have no business abroad. They want to take advantage of the cheap rates anyhow.

The difference between the cheap rate and one which would allow the road to live, is too frequently taken out of the employes by a reduction in wages. Is that square dealing with wage workers? How is a man with a family of three or four little ones going to live if he have to contribute to pay the road for the transportation of its passengers? Some roads paying their men from $35 to $45 per month are three or four months behind in paying off. Can one ask a merchant to trust him that long? Garnishee processes served upon the paymaster to stop the employe's wages is not at all an agreeable notice to him.

A general manager or a superintendent is no better than other people they are made of the same sort of clay.

If the road find it necessary to make a cut of ten per cent in wages, let the superintendent enjoy a proportionate benefit. I don't believe in men striking because there has been a reduction in their wages. It is very rough, and the road should not allow it, but a strike only brings on a strife, and capital can stand it longer than labor.

W. H. Vanderbilt is called the railroad king, and properly so. On the roads under his control, there are but very rarely any reductions in wages, and when made, they are the last resort. I don't believe if a road is properly handled it ever need to make any reduction at all."

A Daughter's Rebuke.

A Mormon bishop told a friend of the writer of this, a few days ago, that he had suffered with the blues all day because of something one of his daughters had said to him. When asked to explain, he said: "You know my daughter Mary, the eldest daughter of my second wife. She is about the age of Lizzie, who is the daughter of my first wife. Well, this morning I was going with Mary over to Lizzie's mother's when she suddenly said: 'Father, I wish I was Lizzie.' I asked her why, and reminded her that she was quite as bright and pretty as Lizzie. 'It is not that,' she said; 'Lizzie's mother is your first wife.' We did not speak again all the way, and I have had the blues ever since." This is a true story, all but the names.—*Salt Lake City Tribune.*

$500 Not Called For.

It seems strange that it is necessary to persuade men that you can cure their diseases by offering a premium to the man who fails to receive benefit. And yet Dr. Sage undoubtedly cured thousands of cases of obstinate catarrh with his "Catarrh Remedy," who would never have applied to him if it had not been for his offer of the above sum for an incurable case. Who is the next bidder for cure or cash?

Recent Literature.

A POPULAR EXPOSITION OF ELECTRICITY. With Sketches of Some of its Discoverers. By Rev Martin S. Brennan, A. M. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

This little book gives a very clear explanation of the principles governing electricity so far as known, giving all the forms of manifestation, so that each succeeding one flows naturally from its predecessor. Short sketches of the men who have added most to the science by their great discoveries are also given. The volume is not loaded with complicated diagrams, but presents the matter in the simplest form possible, and in a way easy to understand.

GREECE IN THE TIMES OF HOMER. An Account of the Life, Customs and Habits of the Greeks during the Homeric Period. By T. T. Timayenis. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

The author of this volume has given, in a book of 300 pages, a most interesting account of the life and times of Homer drawn from the best authorities upon the subject in all languages, and based upon the poems of Homer himself. The book is not intended for specialists, but for intelligent readers who have not time or inclination to search such a mass of matter as they would be obliged to in order to learn what they desire to know. It is pleasantly written and can hardly fail of its purpose, and it will, no doubt, find many readers.

EDUCATION IN ITS RELATION TO MANUAL INDUSTRY. By Arthur MacArthur. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

This work will be of undoubted interest at this time, when the subject of manual training is occupying so large a share of the attention of educators. A great deal of space has been given to details concerning industrial schools in the United States and Europe, which will be found very entertaining as well as instructive, while they are valuable as proving conclusively the good results following that system of practical instruction. The volume answers the question of what industrial education is, and explains its object and the power it possesses of ministering to some useful purpose in the practical arts of life. To those who want information in this direction the book can be most cordially recommended.

THE SIXTH AND SEVENTH BOOKS OF HERODOTUS. An Epitome of His History, a Summary of the Dialect and Explanatory Notes. By Augustus C. Merriam, Ph. D. Harper & Bros., New York.

This work forms a part of the Greek and Latin series now being issued by Harper Brothers, under the supervision of Prof. Drisler. The plan of the work precludes every thing except sheer results, and those stated in the most concise form. The text, the author says, is supposed to be before the reader at every point, but the most copious references are made to the Sixth and Seventh Books. They will give an acquaintance with the historian's style, idioms and methods of thought.

REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN ORATIONS. To Illustrate American Political History. Edited with Introductions by Alexander Johnston. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

This work, complete in three volumes of nearly 300 pages each, contains selections of some of the first orations, most of them political, which have been given in the United States. We have here portions of the speeches of the greatest among American political leaders. These utterances have been chosen with reference to showing the spirit and motives which have actuated them upon great questions, and to show the best side of all lines of thought which have strongly modified the course of American History. The volumes are neatly bound and printed, and will answer a good purpose.

THE WANE OF AN IDEAL. A Novel. By La Marchesa Colombi. From the Italian by Clara Bell. William S. Gotsberger, 11 Murray street, New York. Price, 50 cents.

Among living Italian novelists the Marchesa Colombi is entitled to a high rank. Her latest novel is by no means inferior to her best previous effort; it is eminently wholesome, strong and interesting; while to a foreigner we cannot but think that it supplies a particularly attractive series of pictures of village life in the North of Italy. *Il Tramonto d'un Ideale* (The Wane of an Ideal) is a story of to-day in which a variety of the social problems which occupy Italian thought are treated in a way which is humorous without being cynical, and with a close which is melancholy, but scarcely tragical. We recommend it as a story which is worth reading.

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This is a chart of which the plan is ingeniously convenient. The whole chart can be taken in one hand like a fan and the history of a nation in its great events, its rulers and illustrious men, in their respective epochs, spread before the eye, at a glance, while the scene can be changed by the slightest movement of a finger. It furnishes admirable facility for chronological reference and historical comparison, and these who use it must find it a grand help to the memory so liable to be burdened by the multitude of historical events, dates and heroes.

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OLD PROVERBS WITH NEW FACES.

Every back has its pack.

Home is the rainbow of life.

Men love women; women love a man.

Egotism is an alphabet with one letter.

The surest road to honor is to deserve it.

A white lie often told makes a black story.

The want of money is the root of much evil.

If you'd know a man's character, follow him home.

Only whisper scandal and its echo is heard by all.

They who live in a worry invite death to hurry.

It's a poor musician who can't blow his own trumpet.

He who would eat the egg must first break the shell.

It's not the clock with the loudest tick that goes the best.

Don't complain of the baker until you have tasted his bread.

Look after your wife; never mind yourself, she'll look after you.

The man who wishes to continue believing in his friends should never put them to the proof.

Queer Kentucky Custom.

Winchester, (Ky.,) Letter.

A novel custom prevails among the ladies of this community, which will immediately commend itself to maiden ladies growing old. They say that she who puts on a knit silk garter the first day of the year and wears it continuously will certainly marry during the year. The mother of a certain young lady, being very much pleased with the silken ringlet worn by her daughter, proposed to knit a "fellow" for it, but the young lady declined, saying she had confidence in the bewitching circlet and preferred the natural coming of the fellow.

A Wonderful Freak of Nature

is sometimes exhibited in our public exhibitions. When we gaze upon some of the peculiar freaks dame nature occasionally indulges in, our minds revert back to the creation of man, "who is so fearfully and wonderfully made." The mysteries of his nature have been unraveled by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, and through his knowledge of those mysteries he has been able to prepare his "Golden Medical Discovery," which is a specific for all blood taints, poisons and humors, such as scrofula, pimples, blotches, eruptions, swellings, tumors, ulcers, and kindred affections. By druggists.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

A Warm and Healthful Climate Where Fruit and Spices Grow.

It may be not uninteresting at this time to know that Central America comprises an area somewhat larger than the states of Missouri, Illinois and Indiana, Nicaragua alone being about as large as Illinois. The population is very sparse. Guatemala has 1,252,000; San Salvador, 554,000; Nicaraguan, 275,000; Honduras, 350,000; Costa Rica, 185,000; Panama, 220,000. The soil is capable of supporting ten times this population. The larger portion of the country is forest, the trees being chiefly mahogany, logwood, brazil-wood, live oak, fustic, pine, copal-wood, cedar, rosewood, and ironwood. The forests are brilliant with those gorgeous air-flowers, the orchids, and are alive with monkeys. The agricultural products are beans, grain, and fruits — bananas, cocoanuts, oranges, plantains, lemons, guavas, pineapples, citrons and limes. Bananas and cocoanuts are easily raised and the yield is enormous. The steamers that ply between Central American points and New Orleans usually bring in as cargoes 100,000 cocoanuts and 25,000 bunches of bananas, which pass through all the hands of Italian and Sicilian fruit merchants in the Crescent city and go to all the Western states. All the bananas and cocoanuts in our Western markets come from Central America. A few Americans are engaged in fruit-raising in Honduras and find it profitable. The coffee tree thrives in all the Central American states, and ginger, annatto, vanilla, aloes, gums, caoutchouc, copaiba, and other valuable articles of commerce are produced. The country abounds in gold, silver and copper, but the deposits are not worked by the lazy natives, who are content to lead a languid existence without attempting to develop the wealth in their soil and forests. The climate is warm and unhealthful on the coast, but on the highlands in the interior temperate and salubrious; and that it is not altogether unfavorable to enterprise is proved by the vast ruins of cities and temples, the work of a civilized and cultivated people now extinct, at Coban and other places in Guatemala and Honduras. Cattle are one of the products of the country; they are raised without trouble or expense, as they subsist on the wild grass, and they are slaughtered chiefly for their hides, which are shipped to Europe. Guatemala and Honduras have exhibited some signs of waking up in the last five years. Three railroads have been built and others projected, and grants of lands on very favorable terms are offered to all who will come and settle on them. A few thousand North Americans would bring the country to life and make it one of the most attractive parts of the western world.

Esquimau Baby Life.

When a baby Esquimau's mother makes the hood for her reindeer suit, writes Lieut. Frederick Schwatka in the March *St. Nicholas*, she stretches it into a long sack or bag that hangs down behind and is supported by her shoulders, and this bag of reindeer's skin is his cradle and home, where he lives until he knows how to walk, when he gets his own first suit of clothing.

This, however, is while the baby Esquimau is out-of-doors or his mother is making a social visit. When at his home, in order not to trouble his mother while she is sewing or cooking or doing such other work, the little baby is allowed to roll around, almost without clothing, among the reindeer skins that make the bed, where it amuses itself with anything it can lay its hands on; from a hatchet to a snow-stick.

You doubtless think little Boreas should have a nice time rolling around to his heart's content on the soft, warm reindeer skins; but when I tell you more about his little home, you may not then think so. For his winter home is built of snow.

"But won't the snow melt and the house tumble in?" you will ask. Of course it will if you get it warmer than just the coldness at which water freezes; but during the greater part of the year it is so cold that the snow will not melt, even when the Esquimau burn fire in their stone lamps inside these snow houses; so by closely regulating the amount of the fire, they can just keep the snow from melting. In short, it must always be cold enough in their home to freeze.

So you can see that the little Esquiman can not have such a very nice time, and you can't see how in the world he can be almost naked nearly all the day long when it is so cold. But such is the fact.

Yet, in spite of all this, the little fellow really enjoys himself. He gets used to the cold, and has great fun frolicking around on the reindeer skins and playing with his toys; and when I have told you some other stories about the cold these little folks can endure, you can understand how they can enjoy themselves in the snow huts, or igloos, as they call them, when it is only a little colder than freezing.

At times the fire will get too warm in the snow house, and then the ceiling will commence melting,—for you all perhaps have learned at school that when a room becomes warmed it is warmer at the ceiling and cooler near the floor. So with the hut of snow; it commences melting at the top because it is warmer there,—and when two or three drops of cold water have fallen on the baby's bare shoulder, his father or mother finds that it is getting too warm, and cuts down the fire.

When the water commences dropping, the mother will often take a snow-ball from the floor, where it is colder than freezing, and stick it against the point where the water is dripping. There it freezes fast and soaks up the water just like a sponge until it becomes full; and then she removes it and puts on another as soon as it commences to drip again. Sometimes she will forget to remove it, and when it gets soaked and heavy with water and warm enough to lose its freezing hold, down it comes! perhaps right on the baby's bare back, where it flattens out like a slushy pancake, or on to its face, as it once served me.

He had to be Thawed Out.

Belfast (Me.) Journal.

During the recent frosty night which suddenly succeeded a rainy and sloppy day, a Belfast young man met with a singular catastrophe. He went home with his young lady and stood outside talking to her. The honeyed words so charmed him that the minutes glided by unheeded. When he at last said good-night and prepared to leave his fair companion he found himself unable to move. He was actually frozen down and could not lift his feet. The girl went into the kitchen and returned with a kettle of hot water, with which she proceed to thaw out her imprisoned lover.

Hard to Suit.

Some people are hard to suit. A citizen of an Iowa county having died during the late cold spell the newspaper published at his home remarked that "George had gone where he would suffer no more from cold." A delegation of the neighbors waited on the editor with such effect that the next week the paper contained this apology: "Of course we meant that George has gone to a happier home." This was satisfactory to the neighbors, but the unfortunate editor is now fleeing from the wrath of George's widow.

Tobacco in Ohio Schools.

Supt. Bennett, of Piqua, O., has been investigating the extent to which tobacco is used by boys in city schools. He finds that in two grades of 73 boys from 12 to 15 years old 31 habitually smoked cigarettes, and only seven could say they never had smoked. Of 96 boys from 9 to 12 there were 68 smokers, and in the primary schools, boys from 6 to 10, 40 per cent. smoked, and in the A B C class many had begun the practice.

A New Temperance Movement.

A novel temperance movement has begun in a Georgia town, where the liquor dealers intend to "boycott" a large number of men who drink to excess, each dealer to forfeit $50 if he sells to any one on the black list.

The Camp Fire.

Chat Around the Fire.

James Nye, Fields, O., sends us a letter recommending East Tennessee as a locality for old soldiers to settle—but he writes on both sides of his paper, so we cannot use his letter. When will the BLADE correspondents learn to write only on one side!

A. J. Bottorff, Co. K, 17th Indiana, South Pueblo, Co.:

For about six or seven years, I kept writing to everybody I thought would know and could give me the address of any members of my company, so as to get a pension, but failed to get what I wanted. At last I thought to write to the commissioner of pensions, and asked him if he could give me the address of any members of my company, (giving my regiment and company), and in about six weeks I got an answer, with about a dozen addresses, and in about four months I had proof enough to get my pension.

Fred. P. Calkins, Clare, Ia.:

I take great interest in reading the CAMP FIRE, being a veteran, having served in Co. D, 1st Ill. Cav., and afterwards in Co. K, 16th Ill. Cav. I was captured at Jonesville, Va., January 3, 1864, taken to Belle Isle, and tramped night and day to keep from chilling to death. I presume Sens. Lamar and West were with old Jeff, and advised him to let us suffer. I wish to tell them the less they say about the old traitor, and in the halls of Congress, the better. I was seven months in Andersonville, and the remainder of eleven months trotting through other prisons. Sixty-two of my company were captured, and only fifteen returned to our lines. I also know that rum caused a vast proportion of the failures and disasters during the war. I would be glad to hear from old comrades.

D. L. Crosson, Co. G, 11th Penn., sends the following incident of a rebel sharpshooter captured near Cold Harbor, Va.: "He had tied himself in the top of a tall tree and amused himself picking off our officers, and as our line advanced, before he had time to get down, some of the boys happened to spy him and ordered him to come down, but he refused and prepared to die game; so we had no alternative but to shoot him. Then he dropped his gun but did not come down. So we untied him, got him down and took him in an old deserted cabin and called a surgeon who examined his wound and found it was mortal. He told him he had but a short time to live. He swore he did not care; he had killed sixteen Yankees, and if he lived he would kill as many more. He cursed the surgeon and the men who gave him water, or tried in any way to make him comfortable. He was the most repulsive, blear-eyed, ungrateful wretch that I ever had the misfortune to lay my eyes on."

Isaac Roman, Co. G, 63d Ohio, Washington, Kan.:

I was wounded at the battle of Corinth on October 4, 1862. I am a pensioner, and expect to be for life, or as long as Uncle Sam will give me one. I would like to hear from some of the other boys from the 63d.

C. C. Shank, Co. H, 13th West Va., Ravenswood, W. Va.:

I would like to hear from some of the old eighth army corps and about their trip on foot through the mountains of West and old Virginia, and how anxious some of the boys were to have a brush with the gray-backs.

J. S. Bodman, 1st Ohio, L. A., Castalia, Dak.:

I have been looking to see something from my company but have looked in vain. I wonder if they remember the fight with Lieut. Early on Cedar Creek, in 1864; how foggy it was, and how we slipped and left our tent? What a fine lot of provisions we had collected the day before from the surrounding country, and had to leave all in the hands of the rebels. But Sheridan came to our aid, and we walked the Johnnies back to the old camp that night—but the grub was all gone. What a fine lot of rebels Colonle is entitled to a high rank. Her latest novel is by no means inferior to her best previous effort; it is eminently wholesome, strong and interesting; while to a foreigner we cannot but think that it supplies a particularly attractive series of pictures of village life in the North of Italy. *Il Tramonto d'un Ideale* (The Wane of an Ideal) is a story of to-day in which a variety of the social problems which occupy Italian thought are treated in a way which is humorous without being cynical, and with a close which is melancholy, but scarcely tragical. We recommend it as a story which is worth reading.

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Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction or interpretation of the Scriptures. Write on one side of paper only.

3. Communications for this department must be written plainly and briefly, addressed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then say it is not to be published. If we can answer it, it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the paper. The Weekly Blade is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle petty disputes or double bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to demand a reply. Avoid matter for this department which the friends of the inquirer will be in the best judge of what shall and what shall not be answered. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the slightest attention unless the first and third rules above are strictly complied with.

S. S. K., Pekin, Kan.: Every week we receive letters that we do not answer because letters like yours, asking about the responsibility of business firms.

D. H., Britt, Iowa:

Can you tell me where the United States land warrants are issued for the Seminole war?

Enquirer, Republic, Ind. in relation to Appleton's Cyclopedia.

B. Appleton & Co., 549 Broadway, New York.

C. R. Y., Belmont, Pa.:

Please let me know the origin of "Castle Thunder," in Richmond.

Perhaps some of our readers can throw light on the matter.

"Ignorant," Brookfield (no state) is informed that the Blade of December 12 gave all the information regarding the popular vote for President in 1856, and that we will answer no more questions about it.

J. D. Goody, Coldwater, Mich., says in reply to J. W. Hall, Sparta, Kan., that he saw an illustrated book arguing that the earth is flat. The proofs that the earth is a sphere are completely met, and no one but an ignorant man or an idiot will dispute it.

E. W. Library, Pa.:

1. What is the correct writer's real name who signs himself "The Duffer?" 2. Which is the most authentic history of England?

1. It is not known. 2. Authorities do not agree.

L. W. Contant, Kan.:

Please inform me on the question, do you always answer it in accordance with truth, according to your understanding and belief—positively, or do you sometimes say no definite answer to question is necessary, and that you do not know?

Sub., Otsego Falls, O.:

1. Is there a normal training school in Toledo? 2. What is the tuition? Can a young man or lady take the course and then teach? 3. Are there any such schools in Cleveland?

1. Yes. 2. Free to pupils of school age residing in the city. 3. No.

C. C. S., Findlay, O.:

Please give me the address of a firm or firms who make artificial limbs, hands, corals and pearl pieces.

To answer this query would be to give such information as would be of value to the last person who asked it, and we are not willing to do that. We have published the address of such firms a few times, and it is a waste of space to do it again. It is also published in the rules at the top of this department.

J. M. H., Waynesburg, Ohio: The old Continental currency is worthless, and it will bring no value. We have often answered different bills, and we cannot advertise dealers in them. We cannot advertise dealers in these things in a paper of general circulation. If you want the names of dealers in Continental money, send 10 cents for a copy of the Weekly Blade, which will contain a list of dealers. We cannot answer questions. We answer questions. We answer questions. We answer questions.

C. L. E., Wabey, D. T.: 1. All large business houses have a private mark or cipher. manufacturers, banks, etc., use this to identify their goods. Double entry means that each item is entered in two accounts.—Dr. to one and Cr. by the other.—Dr. means debtor, Cr. means creditor. Single entry means that each item is entered but once. 2. There is no standard gauge. There is no authority on bookkeeping. 4. See first answer.

Student, Spring Arbor, Mich.:

1. Is there a music anywhere in the world that takes its tail in its mouth and rolls as a hoop does? 2. Is the swallowed sturgeon found in the gravel of the Caspian sea and Russian rivers? 3. Of the two species, the red and white, which is the most destructive to life and property?

1. Yes. 2. Yes. 3. They are not a different species. 3. Such a question is puerile.

H. C. A., Aboite, Ind.:

Your paper of the 19th contained this question and answer, "Did the United States government ever issue a bond for $1,000,000?" Yes." Please inform me if the United States ever issued a bond for $1,000,000, No. 1 here in my possession two or three 50 cent pieces in gold. This I write to correct the error.

Their were not issued by the United States government, and you cannot find anything on file in the Treasury Department to show that they were issued. Private parties had them coined at the San Francisco mint.

O. S. K., Toledo, O.:

Please give us the laws of Ohio in regard to the legal rights of hotels and tenants in objectionable cases.

Life is too short. Value the landlord has "assumed" to be in force, a poor tenant with small means may be driven to the wall. Leases are usually for 5 years, and the rent free while doing it. There is nothing so uncertain as law, and the Blade has no desire to visit its reputation in giving opinions which may be misconstrued. Briefly, your will must be that the Ohio bar drafted a bill for the reorganization of the courts, and after the election no two of them agreed as to the meaning of the bill.

D. L. H., Columbus, Kan.:

There is a violin in this country that is said to be made of silk. It is fine toned, and through one of the apertures that are always cut in violins you see. Can you tell me where I can get a paper that tells the wood bearing this inscription: "Giuseppe Guarnerius, fecit Cremona, 1730, J. H. S." Is the fiddle valuable?

There were several members of the Guarneri family at Cremona. Bring it to Cremona and ask the 12th century; celebrated as violin makers. The oldest of the family, Andrea, was born about the 1630. This would indicate that some one had been making violins for 200 years. Your fiddle is about 200 years too soon.

R. L. C., Toledo, O.:

Please publish the recipe for making transparent paint, such as used in painting magic lantern slides.

A beautiful transparent green varnish is made by taking a small quantity of "Chinese blue," without which twice the amount of finely powdered chromate of potash, and stirring them well together with a little copal varnish. A thorough grinding of this mixture must be made for the purpose of intimately incorporating the ingredients, as otherwise it will not be transparent. A preponderance of chromate of potash gives a yellow tint, and of blue a purple. Copal varnish increases the amount of blue. This varnish, of this colorsal, produces a very striking effect in Japanned goods, paper-hangings, etc., and can be prepared very simply.

E. P. D., Marysville, O., furnishes the following in answer to inquiries in A. W. L., of Coffeyville, Kan.: "Charles Gibbs (real name Jas. D. Jeffords) was born in Providence, R. I., about the beginning of the nineteenth century, and he was executed by hanging in 1831. Between the years 1824 and 1831 he, with a crew of about 50 men, mostly spaniards, waged war against the shipping commerce of all nations. The Gulf of Mexico, the second Cuba, was the scene of the most of his depredations. A large portion of his plunder, it was said, was Cape Antonio, Cuba, where his booty was deposited, and from whence it was conveyed to Havana by a merchant of that town, who sold it and divided the proceeds. During his career, Gibbs captured about 15 vessels and murdered the entire crews of about 20 of them."

L. B. I., Medbite, Cal.:

Please give something of a history of the first cultivation of the Irish potato, and tell why it is so called.

It is called the Irish potato because it is the principal article of food in Ireland. The failure of the potato crop in Ireland for four successive years from 1845 caused a great famine, followed by a destitution and loss of life which multiplied the famine of 1847. We take the following from a late number of the *Century*. "The potato, originally a South American plant, was introduced into Virginia by Sir John Hawkins in 1565, though it was unknown in some counties of England 150 years later. In Pennsylvania potatoes are mentioned very soon after the advent of Penn. In New England and New York potato rot appears in 1695, but in 1775 we are told of 11,000 bushels grown on one sixteen-acre patch in this province. Potatoes were served, perhaps as an exotic rarity, at a Harvard installation dinner in 1707, but they had not made much headway into culture in New England at the arrival of the Presbyterian immigrants from Ireland in 1718. Five bushels were accounted a large crop of potatoes for that region in 1720, for it was said that if a man ate them every day, he could not live beyond seven years."

T., St. Charles, Mo.:

Please inform me how many pounds of sugar, tea, rice, beans, hominy, beef, pork or bacon and flour are considered a ration for 1 man in the army? Also, how many pounds of hay, oats or corn make a ration for a horse or mule?

The United States navy ration consists of 1 lb. of salt pork, ½ pt. of beans or peas, or 1 lb of salt beef, with ½ lb of flour, 1 oz. dried apples or other dried fruit; or ½ lb of preserved meat, 2 oz. of butter, and ½ pt. of pickles. The land ration is 1 lb of soft bread or flour, with 16 oz. of biscuit, ½ oz. of tea, or 1 oz. of coffee or cocoa, 2 oz. of sugar, and a gill of spirits, and a weekly allowance of ½ lb of pickles, ½ pt. of molasses, and ½ pt. of vinegar. 1 lb of bread, or 1 lb of hard bread, or ½ lb of rice, may be substituted for 16 oz. of biscuit; ½ pt. of wine for a gill of spirits; ½ lb of rice for for ½ pt. of beans or peas; ½ pt. of beans or peas for ½ lb of rice, such changes should be necessary. Also, if necessary, the daily allowance may be diminished or varied by discretion of the senior officer present in command, but allowance must be made therefor according to the above scale. The issue of the spirit ration was supplied, but it was abolished in 1862, and commuted at 5 cents per day additional pay. The commutation price of the 5 cents addition allowance, without reference to the 5 cents addition allowance mentioned. The army ration (established August 3, 1861, for the war) consisted, for one person, of 1 oz. of pork or bacon, 1 lb 4 oz. of salt or fresh beef, 1 lb of soft bread or flour, or 1 lb of hard bread, or 1 lb 4 oz. of corn meal; and to every 100 rations of beans or peas, 10 lb of rice or hominy, 10 lb of potatoes, 8 lbs of roasted coffee, or 1 lb 5 oz. of tea, 15 lb of sugar, 4 qts. of vinegar, 1 lb 4 oz. of adamantine or star candles 4 lb of soap, 3 lb 12 oz. of salt, 4 oz. of pepper, 2 lb of potash (when practicable, and 1 qt. of molasses. Double rations were also allowed the general-in-chief commanding the army; to each general officer commanding in chief a separate army actually in the field; to each general officer commanding a grand division; and to each officer commanding a military department. Every commissioned officer, including retired officers, is entitled to an additional ration per day for every five years' service, and experience after ten years' continuous service. There may have been some changes, but we cannot find the details. Neither can we find the rations for a horse. When the rations are to be paid, the horses and mules never suffer.

Sub., Willsdale, Kan.:

Please give the words to the piece of poetry entitled "Whistling in Heaven." I cannot find the poetry.

W. J. R., Leavenworth, Mo.: Write to Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

"CRACKER" VS. NEGRO.

An Intelligent View of the Problem in the South.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I am a Pennsylvania Dutchman—a pugilistic thrush and through, and a prohibitionist, according to the Blade's a I have resided in the south for 25 years, am an "unpensioned veteran of more twenty battles" in the cause that was lost. At the close of the war I was deprived by the government to look after interests of the new-born citizens, "contrabands of war," now freedmen citizens, on an equal (?) footing with m and all other law-abiding people, as gu tied by the constitution of the United St but disfranchised by a few of the Sout states, especially those bordering on gulf.

The negro is so degraded, too ignor to be placed on equality before the law that proud, intelligent, cultured Sout citizen, known as the "cracker," "tar-h and "clay-eater," of whom you have l truly graphic description by your Man Fla., correspondent. This correspon has doubtless been living in a comm excitedly rebel Democratic, and has bibed not a little of the Southern idea am sure he knows not whereof he spe True it is, that the Southern Democ claim the disfranchisement of the negro "necessity to protect themselves from norant negro rule." If they had sui tuted "Republican rule," the truth w have been told.

If the above is true, why are they will to grant the negro his rights only wher gives undoubted evidence that will vote the pure, unalloyed D ocratic ticket. And if ignora disqualifies a voter, what right has "cracker" to citizenship? He is a very merous quantity in the Southern states, is far below the negro in natural int gence, thrift and education. The negr ambitions to learn, eager to accumu property, and likes to imitate the bet class of his white brothers in dress and he comforts. In every community in South can be found honest, capable, int gent negroes, successful in business, inva ble in considerable circumstances. I ch lenge any one to show me a single insta in all the South where the "cracker" made one progressive step in any directi As "befo' the wah," he still remains in *statu quo*.

The educational statistics of the So show that the "cracker" class largely p dominates. The cultured intelligence of South does not, as a class, sympathize w the "crackers" in their proscriptive warfa against the blacks. The better class the Southern people are really the b friends of the colored man. They trust confide in them more than those who sa fied so much for their liberty. It must understood that there are a few intellig leaders among the ignorant whites, wh whole ambition is for political exaltati But the true situation in the South sho be correctly understood.

There is no race warfare. I don't beli there ever will be; but there is a war tween ignorance and intelligence. T "poor white trash" of anti-bellum da whose existence was little above that of brutes, and upon whom the slave loo with utter contempt, are now the bitter foes of the freedmen, whose intelligence a energy has secured to them the respect a friendship of the better class of South people. Schools and universities all o the South are filled with colored childr ambitious for education. The "crack spurns every attempt to better his conditio and is filled with jealousy and hatred b cause the "nigger" is rising.

I am no negro worshipper and socially give him a wider berth than do his Sou ern friends. I admire the pluck and ener I respect his right before the law. Twen years' close observation of his conduct di covers no reason that he should be denie the fullest rights of citizenship, and the r spect and confidence of his old masters.

I make the prediction that there will be revolution in the shot-gun policy of t South in less than ten years. The intelligen South will see that the negro is protected in the exercise of every civil right.

FIRST WIS. CAV. VOL.

Chattanooga, Tenn.

Descriptive Letters from Various Points.

We give below, in condensed form, letters from various friends, giving information of interest to those who would like to change their present locations and find new homes.

Amos I. Griffith, Tracy City, Tenn.:

If you could see the letters that have replied in on me for the past week, you would blush. I never dreamed of the hail of letters, or I certainly would never had published the one you did on January 8. I am an invalid, now in bed, on my back trying to answer the hundreds of questions about everything pertaining to this country. The price of cattle, as well as everything in the stock line, is fluctuating, very little difference at any point in the United States, if the quotations in the Blade and other papers are correct. All your readers have to do to find the price of live stock, grain, etc., is to look over your market columns and compare with other papers to suit for themselves.

The tame grasses that have been tried here will produce about one ton of hay to the acre; oats, 10 to 20 bushels; rye the same; wheat has never been tested that I know of; corn, 10 to 30 bushels. There is not a great many improved farms in my neighborhood—only four between my home and Jasper, 15 miles to the top and 14 to Jasper. No schools, churches or anything else; no demand for day or farm labor, because there are no farms open; no demand for mechanics. The object in writing was to let the world know that there is a land to be settled awaiting the usual accompaniments of civilization. It does seem to me you many readers ought to know without asking that a mechanic could do no good where he could not immediately find employment at good wages. I cannot tell why the mountain land is not settled before this, I know they are not settled, and I know believe them to be the most valuable land in the world for the money invested. The climate is simply delightful, and every tenth year collected all the remains in one long grave lined with furs, adding articles, etc. Prisoners were either adopted or tortured and put to death at the stake. The men wore a breech-cloth, the women a short petticoat, and both wore moccasins, leggins, and in colder weather a fur mantle. Their houses were of bark, laid over an arched, arbor like frame. In their greatest prosperity they numbered not more than 15,000, and they are now, according to the official American and Canadian reports of 1873, 13,660, distributed as follows: 7,031 in Canada, viz: 759 Mohawks on Quinte-bay, 2,992 of the Six Nations on Grand River, 633 Oneidas on the Thames, 1,491 Caugnawagas at St. Regis, 511 at St. Regis, and about 250 at the lake of the Two Mountains; 6,629 in the United States, viz.: 5,141 Senecas, Onondagas, Onedidas, Cayugas, Tuscaroras and St. Regis Indians in New York, 1,279 Oneidas at Green Bay, and 208 Senecas in the Quapaw agency. The special works on the tribe are Cusick's "Sketches of Ancient History of the Six Nations," Colden's "History of the Five Nations," Morgan's "League of the Iroquois," Schoolcraft's "Notes on the Iroquois," "The Iroquois, or the Bright Side of Indian Character," by Emma Myrtle (Anna Johnson), Stone's "Life of Brant" and "Life of Red Jacket," and Williams' "Life of Tehoraguanegen, alias Thomas Williams."

M. A. F., Wooster, O.: Apply to the probate judge of your county for particulars.

Reader, Brockport, Pa.:

Please give the name of some collector of old coins.

We cannot advertise coin dealers free. If they wish to reach our readers, they must advertise.

R. A. R., Burden, Kan.:

Was the noted 18, 15, 14 puzzle" ever solved? If so, where or how can I find a copy of the solution?

A number of persons solved it. Do not remember that any one published any rules for its solution.

W. H., Alexandria, Minn.:

How long does it take for money belonging to an heir not called for by said heir to be outlawed by the laws of Ohio?

All actions for the recovery of real estate must be commenced within 21 years after the cause of accrued; and within 15 years on specialty, agreements, contracts or written promises.

Inquirer, Cambria, Ind.:

Is there any such thing as a self car coupler? Is any sum being offered for one; if so, by whom?

There are hundreds of devices for automatic couplers. Some are in use, but the old link coupling holds its place, because of its cheapness. No reward is offered; but any invention that is simple, strong, cheap and as effective as the link coupling could be made to return a fortune to its inventor.

W. M. C., Abilene, Kan.:

Please publish the little poem about the flags. One stanza is something like this:

"Nothing but flags,
Nothing but flags,
All battered and tattered,
And hanging in rags."

Have no copy. If furnished, and not too long, it will be published.

Sub., Saratoga, Ill.:

1. What is James G. Blaine worth? 2. Is there any foundation to the story that John A. Logan was the first to raise the rebel flag? 3. How did it originate?

1. Do not know. He probably has enought to see him through life and leave something for his family. 2. None whatever. 3. Logan was a prominent Democrat before the war, and Democrats "got even" with him for leaving the party by starting such stories.

Reader, Vining, Kan.:

Will trichinæ be killed in meat if the same is exposed to freezing? Explain to me in a plain and plausible way how telegraphing is performed.

1. Perhaps, but the safest protection is to be sure that the meat is thoroughly cooked throughout. 2. To do this successfully a number of cuts would be necessary, which are not at hand; besides the subject could not be disposed of in less than a column—too much space to devote to one question.

Sub., Greenland, N. H.:

Please inform me of the method to obtain a polish on varnish by rubbing or polishing.

Put two ounces powdered Tripoli into an earthen pot or basin, with water sufficient to cover it; then, with a piece of fine flannel four times doubled, laid over a piece of cork rubber, proceed to polish the varnish, always wetting it well with the Tripoli and water. It will be known when the process is complete by wiping a part of the work with a sponge, observing whether there is fair or even gloss. Clean off with a bit of cotton or soft linen flannel. Be careful not to rub the work too hard, or longer than is necessary to make the face perfectly smooth and even.

H., White City, Kan.:

1. Why was Robert Bruce called Robert, the Bruce, by some writers? Please give a short sketch of his life. 2. Also, where can I get Scott's and Fenimore Cooper's complete works?

1. To distinguish him from others of the same name, particularly. The Bruce family descended from Robert de Brais, a Norman Knight, who accompanied William the Conqueror to England in 1066. He was born in 1274. When quite a young man he swore fealty to Edward I. of England, but shortly afterwards took up arms against him. Through a long series of years he struggled against fearful odds and danger in endeavoring to recover the independence of his country. In a quarrel with John Comyn, "Red Comyn," a rival claimant to the throne of Scotland, he stabbed him in a church at Dumfries, in 1306, and two months afterwards was crowned king of Scone. He completely defeated the English at the battle of Bannockburn, in 1314, and that victory was followed by universal peace over his kingdom, and another victory gained over the English in 1327 led to the consolidation of his power, and a formal recognition of the independence of Scotland. Bruce died from leprosy at Cardross Castle, on the Firth of Clyde. His heart was embalmed, and carried by Douglas to the Holy Land, and his remains were interred in the abbey church of Dunfermline. He died in 1329. 2. Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo, O.

W. W., Danielsonville, Conn.:

I have been waiting for quite a while to learn the past and present history of the Six Nations of Indians living in New York state. I have written to the Comptroller's office, Albany, where we expect to find all public accounts, but can get nothing from there. Can you post me on the matter, or tell me where to go for information?

It would require considerable space to give a full history of the Six Nations, or Iroquois Indians. They consisted when first known to the French of five nations: the Agmeuge (called Maquas or Mohawks by their Algonquin neighbors), the Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas. Lakes or rivers bearing these names still mark their places of their residence. As a league they called themselves Hodenosaunee or Hotinonsionni, meaning "they form a cabin." Of this cabin the fire was in the central Onondagas, and the Mohawks was the door. Each tribe had its name as a collection of individuals, and a symbolical name as a body corporate; thus the Mohawk tribe was the Bear tribe. According to Indian tradition, they resided on the St. Lawrence as far down as Gaspe, but were driven back south of Lake Ontario by the Algonquin tribes. From this point they conferred that those found by Cartier at Montreal in 1534 were really Iroquois. Soon after the Susquehannas, a kindred tribe, nearly exterminated the Mohawks. When Champlain began to settle Canada he found the Iroquois at war with all the Canada Indians, from the Hurons on Lake Huron to the Micmacs on the Gulf of St. Lawrence. When the American revolution began, the Iroquois, led by the Johnsons, adhered to the crown, while the French Iroquois in Canada inclined to the cause of the United States. Led by Brant, the Iroquois defeated several parties of troops and massacred the settlers in the Mohawk and Cherry Valley. Col. Butler retaliated by destroying Unadilla and Oghkwaga, and Gen. Sullivan in 1779 ravaged their western cantons; but Brant in turn scourged the frontiers and punished the Onondas, who were friendly to the Americans. The close of the war left the Iroquois at the mercy of the exasperated Americans, and nearly all settled except the Mohawks and Tuscaroras, settling at Grand River, Canada. By the treaty of Fort Stanwix, October 23, 1784, the United States confirmed the Oneidas and Tuscaroras in their lands, and guaranteed to the other tribes the lands in their actual possession, on their ceding to the general government all west of a line beginning on Lake Ontario at the mouth of Oswegatchie river, running south to the north fork of Buffalo creek, and thence to the north line of Pennsylvania, which it followed west and south to the Ohio. This was confirmed by the treaties of 1789, 1790 and 1794. New York in 1785 and 1788 purchased the lands of the Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas and Senecas, except a reservation for each. The Mohawks had removed to Canada; the Cayugas broke up in 1779, some joining the Senecas, some going to Canada and some to the West. In 1826 and 1838 all the Seneca land except the Tonawanda reservation was sold, it is asserted, by persons holding no power in the tribe. In 1840, 430 Oneidas and 500 Senecas emigrated to Canada. In 1820 some Oneidas settled at Green Bay, where they purchased lands. A party of several tribes was lured beyond the Missouri in 1846, but nearly all persisted. Some Senecas who had joined the Shawnees were more fortunate. The war of 1812 arrayed the English and American Iroquois against each other; but they have since been at peace. While the league subsisted, each tribe was divided into five clans: those of the Bear, Wolf and Tortoise in all the tribes, and others in some only. Each family had certain sachemships hereditary in the female line. These sachems formed the ruling body of the league. Onondaga being the place, point or council fire, and the Atoharho or Sagochiendaguete, the head Onondaga sachem being the chief of the league. No one could marry in his own tribe. The children followed the mother's tribe. Their cosmogony was that of the Hurons, and they worshipped Agreskoi by offerings of flesh, tobacco and human sacrifice. They honored certain days in spring, with feasts of maize, pumpkins and beans. After the labors of the French missionaries, God, under the name Nilo (*Deus*) or Hawenniio (the great master), seems to have been the object of worship among the so-called pagan party. They interred the dead temporarily, and every tenth year collected all the remains in one long grave lined with furs, adding articles, etc. Prisoners were either adopted or tortured and put to death at the stake. The men wore a breech-cloth, the women a short petticoat, and both wore moccasins, leggins, and in colder weather a fur mantle. Their houses were of bark, laid over an arched, arbor like frame. 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Send in your name as soon possible. Take notice of the combinations we make of books and the Waterbury Watch. Any how, examine the paper carefully.

NOTICE the announcement of our new portrait of Gen. GRANT. The photograph from which it is taken is the best and most life-like of any ever made of the old hero. It is a speaking likeness of the General as he was last year.

UNITED STATES Consular reports, No 48, for December, 1884, is a volume of nearly 300 pages, devoted to reports from our consuls on agricultural machinery in their districts, in answer to a circular from the department of State. The general tenor of these replies is that the superior workmanship, ease of operation, and completeness as to details and finish, of American machines, is conceded by all, but the cost is greater than the inferior machines of English make, and hence the sale is much smaller than it would otherwise be. Then the vast mass of the farmers of continental Europe have extremely small holdings, averaging only a few acres in extent, and they are compelled to adhere to the most primitive agricultural implements, and cannot afford the expense of modern labor-saving machinery. These points seems to be the only drawbacks to the indefinite extension of our foreign trade in American-made machinery, but they are powerful ones.

THE Democratic party will not be able to claim the retirement of GRANT as being prompted by a regard for the justice of his claims upon the nation he saved. It was a bargain—a bribe. The price was the seating of FREDERICKS, the Iowa Democrat who contested the seat of WILSON. The Democratic majority of the House of Representatives refused to permit the consideration of the GRANT retirement bill unless the Republicans would consent to a vote on the contest. The latter agreed, if Mr. WILSON would permit it. Like a true Republican, that gentleman consented, and the resolution of the committee on Elections, giving FREDERICKS the seat, was then passed. Then the GRANT bill was passed—but there were 78 nays, nearly all Southern ex-rebels. Make a note of it, veterans who wore the blue!

THE following is from a new paper, started in Augusta, Ga., by colored men in the interests of that race, and contains the solution of the race problem in the South: "We are living here among the same people that once owned us. We must get on together. There is nowhere for us to go. We could not go if we wanted to. They could not send us if they tried. We should thank God for the measure of peace that exists among us. It could be much worse. It only remains for us to educate our children, buy lands, make our homes pure, dignified, and comfortable, and save money, and every other right will follow."

THE friends of temperance now have on foot a project to celebrate next autumn the centenary of temperance in the United States, or rather of the event to which they trace the beginning of the movement. That event was the publication, in 1785, of Dr. BENJAMIN RUSH'S "Inquiry into the Effects of Ardent Spirits upon the Human Body and Mind." The proposition now made is to devote the week beginning with September 20 to a celebration by temperance people, and to call a national conference, at which the best means of advancing the cause shall be considered.

IT may be a pointer of interest to the Republican voters of the Union to know that at the presidential election last fall, in the Southern states the vote cast was 948,932 less than the voting population. The total vote cast in these states was 1,624,074, electing 91 Democratic electors, while Ohio and Pennsylvania, casting 59,400 more votes than those states, only elected 63 electors. Louisiana, Mississippi and South Carolina, casting 322,224 votes, chose 26 CLEVELAND electors, while Ohio, casting 784,610 votes, chose but 23 electors for BLAINE.

A NEW and exceedingly important use for hydrochlorate of cocaine is reported to have been discovered by one Dr. FLEISCHL, of Vienna. Administered hypodermically in doses of from one-twelfth to one-fourth of a grain it is said to cure alcoholism and morphinism with in ten days.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

OUR news columns contain the inaugural address of CLEVELAND, and a full account of the inauguration ceremonies at Washington.

There has been a very considerable improvement in the action of trade since the return of milder weather. The railroads have been relieved of the delay and expense connected with their late protracted contests with snow and ice, belated shipments have been forwarded, and the distribution of merchandise has been nearly restored to normal conditions. There has been no marked activity, however, and the coming of the good times is still looked for.

THE mercantile failures of the country at large show a moderate decrease. The general outlook of trade is prejudiced mainly by the cheapness of farm produce and the condition of the iron trade. As to the former there are important set-offs, such as a large increase in exports of provisions and breadstuffs by the help of low prices and the greater capacity of wage-earners to economize in the use of their reduced earnings; but the injury on the whole materially exceeds the benefits. The iron trade is expected to improve in volume, but no very sanguine expectations are indulged in with respect to high prices, as the producing capacity is undoubtedly excessive.

GEN. GRANT is at last restored to the retired list of the army. It ought to have been done long ago, and it has been left so late that it has but a melancholy significance. Even now it is evident that if it had not been for the incoming of a Democratic President, and the critical condition of the old commander's health, the measure would have been stopped in the House.

GEN. J. C. BLACK, of Danville, Ill., has been appointed commissioner of Pensions. He was, last fall, Democratic candidate for Congress in his district, but was defeated, and he has recently loomed up as a factor in the Illinois senatorial contest, as a candidate against MORRISON. In this aspect, his nomination is a formal notice to Gen. LOGAN that CLEVELAND is going to use all the power of his administration to defeat his chances for re-election. BLACK'S nomination is a reward for work done at the Chicago Democratic convention in CLEVELAND'S interest. He headed the MCDONALD forces, and when the boom came for HENDRICKS he threw MCDONALD'S vote to CLEVELAND. Thus are the beauties of "reform" shown to the admiring gaze of the people of the country.

AN editorial in the London *Daily News* say that the events of a single day may bring a war between Russia and England. The latter is poorly prepared to defend her Eastern Empire at the present time, and a bold move on the part of Russia, who may see her opportunity, may bring trouble.

THE apology made last week in the House of Lords by Earl GRANVILLE to Prince BISMARCK was a most abject one. The latter had administered a most severe castigation to GRANVILLE in a speech before the Reichstag and it was in response to this exhibition of the Chancellor's displeasure that the apology was made. Surely England must feel herself in a critical position to allow such browbeating without giving back a blow.

THE difficulties in the Soudan seemed to have paled in importance in England before the excitement of Russia's advance into Afghanistan. The action of the government has given general satisfaction. The most resolute attitude has been taken, that is, it was resolved by the Cabinet to advise the Ameer to maintain his position—not to attack the invaders but to defend his territory when attacked—and to give him a pledge to assist in maintaining the Afghan frontier and to fulfill every treaty obligation. Russia was informed of this decision and invited to withdraw her troops from a position which threatened Herat. Upon a refusal, measures were at once taken to place England in a position to resist any farther aggression of Russia, or attempt to advance toward India. The outcome is yet to be seen, although Russia will enter into a war at the expense of the commerce which she is just building up, and for that reason she may hesitate about farther movements.

FOR the present little can be do ne in Egypt by the English army. Lord WOLSELEY will retire to Dongola while Lord BROCKENBURY will remain at Korti, and nothing more will be attempted until fall. Great fears are entertained of the effect of the heat upon the British army. The latest advices from Massowah say that the garrison at Kassola is reduced to an effective force of only 600 men, who are closely besieged and are short of ammunition. It is probable that they will be obliged to surrender. Lord WOLSELEY asks for the immediate extension of the Nile railway past the cataracts. The destination of the fourth Italian expedition to the Red sea is supposed to be Trinkitat. The expedition is composed of four battalions of infantry and two companies of artillery and engineers. Altogether the condition of affairs is such as to keep the keenest apprehensions aroused, and the discontent among the Mohammedans in India only heightens the difficulties.

THE speech of Prince BISMARCK in the Reichstag last week has caused a great deal of excitement all over Europe. He handled Earl GRANVILLE without gloves, and accused the English Government of acting in bad faith. That the good will of Germany is considered of great importance by the English Government is evident from the soft reply of Earl GRANVILLE in the House of Lords on Friday. He made an apology for what had offended the Chancellor such as will leave the latter no chance to pick a quarrel at present, and in fact it is not thought he intends to do so.

THERE have been rumors during the week of the opening of indirect negotiations between Pekin and Paris, looking to arrangements for peace between China and France, but the rumors lack confirmation.

A SCHEME is on foot at the Cape of Good Hope for the appointment of a joint commission of delegates from the various South African colonies and states to settle existing difficulties and pave the way to some kind of confederation.

THE farmers of various sections of the West who have been annoyed by suits for royalty on driven wells, will be glad to know that the patent thereon expired on January 14.

IS THERE ANY GOOD IN THE RUM TRAFFIC?—IF NOT, WHY IS IT PERMITTED TO EXIST?

The Rum traffic is the deadliest enemy of the schools, because the children of drunkards are never in condition, with respect to clothing, books, or any of the appliances necessary for association with other children, to attend school. The stigma attached to the child of a drunkard is enough to destroy what of self-respect the child has, is sufficient to keep it away from school, to say nothing of the shrinking that any child has from the jeers and sneers of those better equipped. Only the very strongest natures among this unfortunate class will attend schools at all, and their progress is impeded, for they have obstacles to surmount which are almost impossible. The child of a drunkard is in a most pitiable condition. They are shunned by other children, they have none of the advantages of association, and in most cases they receive but scant attention from the teachers. They are outcasts, and so many obstacles are thrown in their way that but a small percentage of them receive any benefit from schools. The children of drunkards are, practically, outside of the possibility of education, and grow up ripe for vagrancy and crime. They commence life under disadvantages, and very few of them ever surmount them.

The rum traffic is the one great enemy of the Church. A rum shop is the breeding place of obscenity, profanity, untruthfulness, and everything that is low and disreputable. There is nothing in it or its surroundings that is not low and vile. The conversation is of the lowest order. The rum shop is the college of the indecent. It is the resort of the bruisers and ruffians, the haunts of the thieves, and the runways of the prostitutes and their supporters. There is a class of goods which cannot be sold publicly known as "bar room goods," not a single article of which can be seen anywhere else. The pictures displayed upon the walls are bad enough, but for the further corruption of youth a large percentage of them have private rooms in which the pictures are too bad for public exposure, and to which boys of the age to be corrupted are admitted. The daily papers are kept at some of them, but as a rule the literature upon the tables is of the flash description, one copy of which is sufficient to corrupt a neighborhood. There is not a prize-fighter in the country who does not have his headquarters in a saloon, there is not one of them who does not expect when from age and rum he can no longer be a brute in public to retire to a rum shop of his own, where he can live from the proceeds of crime committed by men like himself. Every brutalizing "sport," every thing that is low and indecent in life has its origin in the Rum shop, and a Rum shop is the haven and refuge of those who are compelled, for cause, to give over their active participation in crime. The notorious brute, SULLIVAN, has a saloon in Boston, and every bruiser in New York and Philadelphia is the proprietor of one. The rum shop is the beginning and ending of these blotches on society. The regular thieves have their rendezvous in Rum Mil's, the Rum Mill is the Alpha and Omega of crime.

The Rum Mill is opposed to everything in the shape of good government. The Rum Mills of New York gave Boss TWEED the control of that city and enabled him by robbing decent industry to almost ruin it. It is the Rum interest of Chicago that keeps CARTER HARRISON in power in that unfortunate city, a power which makes elections farcical, and spreads corruption through every department of municipal government. The Rum vote is the only one that can be massed and held solid in any given direction, and the direction it goes is always the wrong direction. The Rum vote was never yet used for a good purpose. There is not an over-taxed city or state that cannot trace its woes directly to rings maintained by the whisky vote. It is the one curse in American politics, the one element which is always active for evil and was never known to be used for good.

The Rum mill is the destruction of the individual, the ruin of the family, the corruption of the state. It has not a good spot in it. It ruins whatever it touches. It is the father and mother of pauperism and crime, it is the feeder of the penitentiary, and the purveyor to the gallows. The extent of the rum business in any community can be gauged accurately by the roll of the poor-houses, and the records of the criminal courts. It is the deadly Upas Tree which blasts everything that comes under its wide-spreading branches. It is the one universal Death.

No man on earth can point out one good thing in or connected with it. It deadens the moral sense of the maker and seller, and entirely destroys the user. It does not respect women or children, it is the open enemy of the church and school. There is not a good instinct in it. It is opposed to culture of all kinds, its tendency is always down and never up, it is the one great brutalizer of the earth.

As there is not the first thing good in it, as there is everything that is bad and dangerous in it, as it is an admitted and acknowledged enemy of the human race, the question comes naturally, why is it permitted to exist? What reason is there for it?

Why is it that men are willing and eager to attack any other evil, but instinctively shrink from antagonizing this King of all Evils? Why are politicians afraid of it? Is there any especial divinity that hedges this one interest? Have degraded and brutalized men, eager for gain and reckless as to means for satisfying their greed, any especial rights over other men? Have the brewers, and retailers a vested right to destroy women and children and ruin countries? Have communities not the right to protect themselves from this source of all crime, as much as from the crime of which it is the origin?

The BLADE insists and always will, that the great work of this generation is to *Pulverize the Rum Power.*

READ all the announcements in the Publisher's department. That department is of interest to everybody. Notice the combination offers and avail yourself of some or all of them.

THE fact that the Mormons complain bitterly of the workings of the EDMUNDS law is proof conclusive that it is to some extent effective against the "twin relic of barbarism," polygamy.

CLEVELAND'S INAUGURAL.

The inaugural address opens with a somewhat wearisome statement of platitudinous truths, of which but one needs particular mention. CLEVELAND says, "If from this hour we cheerfully and honestly abandon all sectional prejudices and distrust, and determine, with manly confidence in one another, to work out harmoniously the achievements of our national destiny, then we shall deserve to realize all the benefits which our happy form of government can bestow." Most true, O sapient CLEVELAND! But you should address these words to your party associates, not to the nation at large. The sentiment of your words is the keynote of the Republican party's principles. The Democratic party has been, since its birth, the party of a section. Whatever it might prate in platforms and through its party leaders, its aims were till slavery was extinguished, those which would aggrandize a section at the expense of the whole people; its ends were to put Southern men in the places of power, and make the great North, the mightier section in all that goes to make up true national greatness, but subservient to the old slave oligarchy. The Democracy is still the sectional party, the Republican party the National patty. The first goes back to set up all the political gods, save one—slavery—that were hurled to the ground a quarter of a century ago.

The succeeding paragraph is in the same vein. It reads like a Northern Democratic utterance, *temp.* 1854-1860. There is the same veneration of the constitution as a compromise—a compromise to the advantage of the South, and Washington is lugged in to give emphasis to the old dogma—oblivious of the fact that the Constitution of to-day contains provisions and guarantees that make it the harter of a whole people's liberties, not a carefully-drawn instrument to conserve a relic of Middle-Age barbarism and feudal oligsrchy.

The veneration of the new executive for the constitution also crops out in his pledge as to the observance of that instrument in the discharge of his official duties. The language he uses may mean anything, almost, but possibly is intended co be an assurance to the Southern Bourbons that the old state rights dogma shall be revivified, so far as it can be since the war settled, we hope forever, the main question arising out of it—the doctrine of secession.

The foreign policy outlined, is not caring what other nations may do, so they do not directly interfere with us—"the policy of neutrality, rejecting any share in foreign broils and ambitions upon other continents, and repelling their intrusion here"—the MONROE doctrine.

The utterance upon the tariff is of the approved Democratic brand. It may mean almost anything. It calls for an adjustment of the revenue, "so as to relieve the people from unnecessary taxation—having a due regard for the interests of capital invested and workingmen employed in American industries, and preventing the accumulation of a surplus in the Treasury." This leans more toward the protective policy, and away from the CARLISLE and MORRISON school of free traders.

As to the public lands, and the Indian question, his views are in accord with that of all thinking men, Republicans and Democrats. He gives polygamy a threat, and endorses the Republican policy of protecting American workingmen from imported pauper labor.

But the most important utterance, and the one that will cause wailing and gnashing of teeth among the Democratic hordes, is the unequivocal endorsement of the principle of civil service reform. Hardly less important, if CLEVELAND possessed the power to compel the states of the Solid South to enforce his views, are the sentences regarding the freedmen's political rights; but the shotgun and bull-whip will take care that they do not obtain the rights of which he speaks. Taken in all, the inaugural will be a disappointment to half the Democratic party, a joy to the mugwumps, and will be a curiosity four years hence in the light of CLEVELAND'S attempts within that time to carry out his paper promises.

THE CABINET.

The nominations for Cabinet positions sent to the Senate by CLEVELAND, are precisely the same as the "slate" published last week. Biographical sketches of the seven were published in last Tuesday's BLADE. Three places are given to the South, two to New York, and one each to Massachusetts and Wisconsin. It represents the East and South as distinguished from the West. There is but one man taken from west of the Alleghanies and north of the Missouri compromise line—VILAS, of Wisconsin; and he was chosen, not as a representative of the West, but simply as a recognition of services rendered in the Democratic National convention in securing the nomination of CLEVELAND.

The factors that were efficient in the nomination and election of CLEVELAND have been recognized in the make up of the Cabinet, and that is all. The 153 electoral votes of the Solid South have been recognized by giving its representatives the three important departments of State, Interior, and the Attorney Generalship. BAYARD, the Delaware statesman, an anti-war Democrat, is the head of the new Cabinet, with its foreign policy in his hands. LAMAR, the Mississippi ex-rebel, in the Interior, will have the enormous patronage at his disposal of the great pension and Indian bureaus, the patent office, and the lesser divisions of this great department. GARLAND, also an ex-rebel, as Attorney General, will be the legal adviser of the new administration, and will also have a large field of appointments under his control—United States attorneys, marshals, etc.,—and will see to it that "Federal interference" will not be allowed to disturb the peculiar election methods of the South, by which that section is kept solid for the Democracy by silencing the negro vote. The bull-whip and shot-gun will pursue their bulldozing mission unimpeded by the general government.

The treasury department goes to MANNING, who was aptly characterized a few days ago by a New York Democrat as "the stupid editor of a stupid paper," (the Albany *Argus.*) The position is DAN'S reward for his "fine work" at Chicago in the nomination of CLEVELAND. He is as inexperienced in national affairs as his chief. He is the leader of the county Democracy, and a politician of the utilitarian school; that is, he is in politics for the offices, and the power and money to be gotten out of them. An office is to him something to be bargained for, something that represents so much money, or so much influence to further his schemes. And like unto him is WHITNEY, the choice for the Navy department. He is A. B. PAYNE'S son-in-law; the factotum of the Standard Oil company, MANNING'S agent to get money to elect CLEVELAND from Wall street and the great moneyed corporations. He is Wall street's representative in the Cabinet, and will not only see that the railway monopolists are cared for by the administration, but when the great schemes of the Democrats for the construction of a new navy materialize, he will have the disbursement of many millions of dollars in fat naval contracts, as well as a goodly share of patronage for the faithful.

VILAS'S position, that of Postmaster General, is a reward for his work at Chicago, and he will have an enormous patronage in his hands, which will be disposed of so as to reward party service and consolidate the power of Democracy to hold the government, if possible, longer than four years. ENDICOTT, the secretary of War, is given the place as a recognition of the mugwumps. He is a nobody, and his descent from Puritan ancestry is his chief recommendation, apparently, aside from his mugwump affiliations.

RUSSIA'S DESIGNS IN ASIA.

It was the dream of PETER the Grea of Russia, that Constantinople should become the capital of the Russian Empire, and that Turkey, in Europe and in Asia; Persia, Armenia, Turkestan, and central Asia in general, together with India, should be conquered, in order that the Czars should rule over a mighty Empire of the East—mightier than any that has ever owned the sway of a single monarch. He bequeathed the carrying out of this magnificent programme to his successors, and step by step Russia is moving on in this traditional line of conquest. Twice within thirty years has she found a pretext for a struggle on European soil with Turkey, and her control has reached further and further toward the Hellespont and the ancient capital of the Byzantine empire. And her steady advance in Asia has not been less marked.

Turn to the map of Asia, and you will find the Caucasus mountains, running from the Sea of Azov eastward to the Caspian, forming a natural boundary between Europe and Asia, between Russia on the north and Asia Minor and Persia on the south. Russia has climbed the mountain chain and obtained supreme control of a wide strip of territory on the south of the Caucasus range, from the eastern extremity of the Black Sea to the western shore of the Caspian. The mountain passes are in her hands, and she has sufficient territory on the Asiatic side for offensive military operations against either Turkey in Asia or Persia.

East of the Caspian sea, and south of the sea of Aral, is a wide extent of country called Turkestan, inhabited by wandering Tartar and Turkoman tribes, bounded on the south by the Hindoo Koosh mountain range, which divides Turkestan from Persia and Afghanistan on the south. Russia has steadily pushed her way east of the Caspian sea toward India. Step by step she has taken hold of Turkestan, until she has absorbed all the territory on the coast of the Caspian, including Khiva and Bokhara, and the celebrated oasis of Merv. She has military depots on the Caspian, and has constructed a railroad from Michaelovsk, a port on its southeastern shore, to Askabad, on the direct road to the Merv oasis, which is but 200 miles north of Herat, in Afghanistan, so often referred to as the "Gate of India." This road forms a military line of supplies for future operations.

It is entirely within the range of possibilities that the present war in the Soudan in which Great Britain finds herself engaged may lead to another advance by Russia in the line marked out by PETER the Great two centuries ago. The Crimean war of 28 years ago, waged by Russia on the one hand against Turkey, aided by England and France on the other, was closed by a treaty, the provisions of which Russia found a pretext for violating during the Franco-German war by terminating the neutrality of the waters of the Black sea and commencing the construction of a navy to replace the one sunk in the harbor of Sebastopol. Now that England has her hands full, the Czar's government will find it easy to provide a pretext for taking a long step over the intervening territory between her and India. In fact, a general war, the like of which has not been seen for a century, may be the sequence of the present Egyptian complications.

Over a year ago, the Russians occupied Merv, and intimated that the would consent to Persia's occupying Herat, in Western Afghanistan. Meantime, she quietly occupied Sarakhs, on the Tejend river, 80 or 90 miles southwest of Merv, and on the direct line of the extension of the railway from Askabad down the valley of the Tejend. The English papers at once claimed that the move on Merv was a blind, and that Sarakhs was the real objective point.

The fear of Great Britain now is that Russian influence and Russian gold will corrupt the Ameer of Kabool, which city lies to the eastward of Herat, and is the key to two of the three important passes over the mountains from Afghanistan to Hindostan, enter into a league with him and his tributaries, and thus have an open road to India. The Hindoo Koosh mountains are the great natural barrier, and we quote the following description of the three passes:

There are only three ways into Hindostan from Afghanistan. These are the Khyber pass, the Koorum valley, and the Bolan pass. All the way from Kabool to Peshawar, which is the farthest frontier city of India, the road lies through a series of passes of the wildest and ruggedest description imaginable, so that from the Jugduluck pass to the mouth of the Khyber the road is strewn with colossal boulders, filled with swift-flowing and dangerous mountain streams, hemmed in between gigantic precipices, and infested by the most thieving and murderous tribe of all Afghanistan, the Ghilzais. The route by the Koorum valley is easier, but it contains the terrible Shuturgurdun (i. e. "Camel's Neck") pass, which is 13,000 feet high; the long, bleak Sarakht defile, the pass of the Paiwar Kotul, the deep and dangerous Koorum river, which has to be forded again and again; the tortuous and narrow pass of the Durwaza (or "gate"), and other obstacles which would compel any army to move almost at a snail's pace. As for the Bolan pass, its general characteristics are the same as those of the Khyber—that is to say, all the way from Kandahar to the River Indus, the road is boulder-strewn, narrow, torn with streams, flanked with prodigious precipices, and generally as hot as limbo.

But the great danger which Great Britain has to fear is an undermining of her power in India by intrigue. It must be remembered that India has many native chiefs and princes, who are tributary to Great Britain, and have the pomp and glitter of royalty without any of its power. They are, many of them, ambitious enough to aspire to the reality as well as the semblance of ruling, and could, if opportunity offered, summon powerful armies from among their subjects, or utilize the forces they already possess to aid Russia in overthrowing English rule. Then it is to be remembered that there are fifty millions of Mohammedans in India who are watching the progress of the Mahdi, and in strong sympathy with him; that Mohammedan zealots are preaching the faith of Islam among the natives of other creeds, and that a Moslem insurrection in India is one of the possibilities of the future; the supplement, perhaps, of a general rising of the Mohammedan world against the aggressions of Christian nations. Should this occur, there is no doubt but that Russia would find means to advance her progress in the realization of the great Czar's dream.

THE BLADE'S Temperance Cartoons should be posted up everywhere. They are the most effective instructors ever issued. They should be posted in every place where men congregate, in shops, on walls, everywhere. Order them and use them.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY'S STEWARDSHIP.

To-day, March 4, the Republican party surrenders the trust which it accepted at the hands of the American people on March 4, 1861—just 24 years ago. Never has a trust been administered with more fidelity; never has a nation prospered more, under wise, enlightened and beneficent governmental control, than the United States in the past quarter of a century.

When it assumed the direction of the destinies of this country, we had a population of 31,500,000. We have now over 55,000,000—nearly a doubling of numbers, in spite of the great check which the war put upon the natural increase of the population.

It found a bankrupt treasury; it carried to a successful conclusion one of the greatest and most costly wars of modern times, has paid off a very large portion of the debt thus incurred, and leaves a full treasury. It found the national credit at the lowest ebb, the bonds of the government bearing a high rate of interest yet unsalable unless at a heavy discount from the face value. It leaves the nation's credit at the highest point it has ever reached, and our bonds floating at the very lowest rate of interest they ever bore—sure testimony of the highest financial standing.

The first Republican administration found the country on the verge of disunion, the Southern states having passed ordinances of secession, and arming themselves to enforce the paper act of separation from the Union. It retires, leaving the country a political unit, the doctrines of secession and state rights relegated to the limbo of exploded and impractical political dogmas.

It found nearly one-half the states clinging to the shameful institution of human slavery, and the doctrine ruling our courts, promulgated by the highest tribunal of the country, that "a negro has no rights a white man is bound to respect." It has wiped the foul blot from the nation, made all men free and equal, and incorporated in the organic law of the nation the most sacred guarantees of citizenship and equal rights before the law to the enfranchised millions of black men. And it has enforced these guarantees in all states where it has had controlling power, leaving it for the reactionary ex-rebels in the South to refuse these undoubted rights to the black citizens within the borders of the states which are cursed and ruined by solid Democratic rule.

Nor will it do to say that it is unfair to credit the growth in population, in prosperity, in strength, of the nation to the Republican party; that this growth and prosperity were natural results, uninfluenced by political domination. Look at the map of the Union, and those states which are largely Republican, which have been chiefly under Republican state control are the most important, the ones which have grown in wealth, in power, in importance, in population, most rapidly. Wherever the blighting hand of Democracy has lain heaviest, there will be found the greatest degree of popular ignorance, the least enterprise, the slowest yielding to the tendencies of nineteenth century civilization, that has, in the other States, been quickened into new life, impelled into more rapid growth, by the beneficent rule of Republicanism.

There are, and can be, in the very nature of things, but two great political parties in the nation. The one finds its idols in the past. It looks to a demagogue of a century ago as the exponent of its political faith. It fondly adores doubtful dogmas long ago outworn in the rapid growth of the American Republic, and tries to oppose all change, and consequently all growth—for growth is always a change. The other is the party of progress, of enlightenment, of civilization. It believes in holding fast to all political ideas that experience has proved sound and good, and in rejecting those which we have outgrown.

The party of the past, the Democracy, has succeeded to power by a scratch—by a series of accidents. It has for 24 years done nothing but curse Republicans, and endeavor to undo what the Republican party has done. Now it is in power—let us see what it can possibly do to improve on the matchless record of the Republican party for the past quarter of a century.

PORTRAIT OF GEN. GRANT.

Now that the great Union General and Republican President is standing on the threshold of the hereafter, every loyal family in the country will want a life-like portrait of the warrior and patriot. To supply this want we have procured a late photograph of the General, the best and most life-like ever taken, and have it now in the hands of the engravers. We shall issue it in suitable form for framing, which will be not only a valuable memento of the great man, but a beautiful ornament for any room.

It will be printed upon heavy plate paper, 19 by 24 inches, and sent securely packed to any address upon receipt of price.

As there will be an immense demand for this really superb work of art, orders should be sent immediately. We shall have it ready for mailing about the 5th of April.

The portrait will be worth 50 cents, and cannot be had at the picture stores for less. We are publishing it for the benefit of our patrons, and shall send it as follows:

Portrait alone.....25 cents
The BLADE one year, and portrait.....$1 15

Every one will want the portrait. We guarantee satisfaction. Order at once, so as to receive it as soon as possible.

FOR the first quarter of the fiscal year the deficiency in the postal service is $2,066,23.

NASBY.

...by views, and that we, as ex Confeder... soldiers would expect help under the ...coming administration; but it never w... published. If we, as a Democratic part... have used deception in our campaign, w... the poor, ignorant class should find it ou... and the sooner the better.

And now, Mr. Editor, I have alread... written more than I expect you want. Yo... can inform Mr. Chapman that I am a Dem... ocrat and always have been; I fought fo... years in the Southern army; that I am ... to prove it at any time, and that I ha... voted the Democratic ticket straight fo... twenty years. I don't have to make th... proof to a Republican paper. When I... want office, I will furnish proof by th... proper authorities.

ONE OF PRICE'S MEN.

We give the above letter to the comrades for what it is worth. We have corrected the spelling and bad grammar—otherwise it is exactly as written It was postmarked at Waynesville, Missouri.

Sheridan's Ride, as Seen by One of His Body Guard.

To the Editor of the Blade Camp Fire:

J. White, of the 54th Ohio, sends an account of Sheridan's ride to Cedar Creek. As I have read a great many accounts of that ride, and never a true one, I will give you mine, as I was one of Sheridan's body guard on that ride. We left Martinsburg October 18, about 10 o'clock, and got to Winchester in the evening. We camped in a little grove about a mile south of Winchester for the night, and Sheridan stayed in Winchester. On the morning of the 19th we were awakened by the artillery firing at Cedar Creek. We started from camp about daylight, on a trot, and kept it up until we met the first stragglers. Soon after that we met the wagon train. Sheridan stopped and ordered it to go into corral, and then we started on a gallop. After we had gone two or three miles, it looked as though the whole army was straggling, or every fellow making the best time he could for the rear. Sheridan halted us about one mile from where the hospital was after the battle, and about three from where they were fighting, and ordered the captain to form us across the valley and drive the stragglers back. I was not twenty feet from him at the time. Then we whirled his horse around in the road, and away he went to the front, with no one with him. We were deployed across the valley and ordered to draw sabers. We stopped all of the stragglers and drove them back as far as the hospital. Now if there was any soldier who saw Sheridan's body guard, or him riding off from it, he was with the stragglers, for there were no other soldiers back there. The first troops that came back were of Averill's old division, to which I belonged. They came back and were sent over on the left, close to Front Royal. If Sheridan did not ordered us to stop, I don't think that there was a guard but what would have kept up with him. I was 17 years old at the time, and it was a sight never to be forgotten.

M. K. KNOOP,
Co. E, 8th O. V. I.
Troy, O.

Some Mistakes Concerning Shiloh.

To the Editor of the Blade Camp Fire:

William Preston Johnston, in his recent article on the Shiloh campaign, makes the statement that Veatch's Federal brigade was demolished early in the engagement "and ceased of no more." Now that must be interesting reading to the surviving members of that brigade which never lost its organization for a moment during that engagement or any other—see reports of Siege of Corinth, Battle of the Hatchie, siege of Vicksburg, and other battles in which Hurlbut's division was engaged, Veatch's being the 2nd brigade of that division. It helped to carry its title of the "Fighting Fourth." Said brigade occupied its proper place in the division at the "Hornet's Nest," which Johnson so well describes, and assisted materially in "demolishing" several rebel brigades and divisions which endeavored to force that position. Gen. Grant states, in his paper on Shiloh, in the February *Century*, referring to the line of battle at the close of the first day's fight, that Hurlbut's division was on the right of the artillery, intact, and ready for any duty, which could hardly have been the case if his 2nd brigade had been "demolished." Just at the close of the battle Gen. Grant says he saw the enemy was giving way along the whole line, excepting at one point, and that he gathered up a couple of regiments and led them to the charge, when the enemy broke. As I remember it, and all the old brigade who are alive will agree with me, I think, the charge ordered and led by Gen. Grant if that time was made by the 14th, 15th and 46th Illinois, 3d Iowa, and I think the 4th Indiana, composing Veatch's brigade, but although "demolished," (according to Johnston) early in the battle, made the last charge at Shiloh.

GEORGE D. SMITH.
Garrettsville, O.

A Talk on a Thoughtful Subject.

To the Editor of the Blade Camp Fire:

It is a source of great pleasure to us who occupy the small places to be enabled, by the means afforded us in the CAMP FIRE, to spread before the public our limited views of the different topics which go to make up the arguments in conversations of our "great men," and although we may be aware of the fact that our style of writing, so far as the use of language, punctuation or elevated thoughts are concerned, it is a pleasure simply from the fact that we know that there is a class of people, who, like the honey bee, may gather sweets from such apleces to many of us be naught but "trash." There is one point to which I wish to call the attention of my comrades. Do we, as ex-soldiers of the late war, as we in our imaginations gather round our camp fire to discuss various topics of the day, confine ourselves to such topics and remarks concerning them and events as we, in our judgment think will be productive of the results desired to elevate and enlighten the minds of those to whom our remarks are directed? Notwithstanding the fact that we occupy stations in life and our names individually may never have a place in the history of the country for which we fought and suffered, yet it is as much our duty to elevate those to whom we write, with whom we converse or associate, as it is for those voice may be heard in the halls of Congress, or whose signature sets the seal of a bill to become a law for a nation. I believe there are means, by which we as a body may accomplish much lasting good not for ourselves alone, for that is selfish, but for the nation, and as we struggled hard and long during the rebellion to suppress the foe, who we had reason to believe would deprive us of the liberties we had armed to prize so dear, so let us again unite and strike, not with our old weapons, but our old will, armed with new weapons more powerful. All the weapon we need is a strong desire to not do ourselves nor anyone else any harm, and a desire

A BOOK THAT SHOULD BE READ.

The most valuable book that we have seen for many a day is "Our Bodies," by Albert F. Blaisdell. It is a treatise upon Physiology and Hygeine, profusely and intelligibly illustrated, and the text written in a perfectly understandable way. Its chief value, however, and what interests us the most, is the attention that the author has paid to educating the people as to the effect of stimulants upon the human system. Every chapter has a paragraph detailing the effect of alcohol upon the organs treated therein. It is shown exactly how alcohol affects the nerves, the blood, the brain, and all the make-up of the body, and shown in a way that cannot be misunderstood. Every boy in the country should have this volume, for from no other can a knowledge of Physiology and Hygiene, generally, be so easily acquired, and in no other are facts as to stimulants so taught. The Physiological reasons for abstinence from stimulants and narcotics are given in this work in such a way as to leave an impression. It is a valuable book and one that should be in every family. Lee & Shepard, Boston, are the Publishers, and it will be sent to any address by mail on receipt of the price, 60 cents.

THE Kansas legislature has passed the measure known as the "Iron-clad bill," and the new law will speedily go into effect. The saloon men of Atchison and other cities are greatly excited in consequence. Several have discontinued business, and all are discussing the advisability of an immediate suspension. Every saloon in Topeka has closed.

THE new bill, fixing the liquor license at $500 for cities of over 9,000 inhabitants, and grading down to $25 for villages of 250 inhabitants, was killed in the Minnesota House on Monday.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A graduated license bill passed the Minnesota Senate, but was killed in the House. ——English newspapers praise Cleveland's inaugural address, but pronounce it a trifle vague.——There is a general strike of employes of the Missouri & Texas Pacific railroad.——Sen. McDonald says he is not disappointed that he did not get into the Cabinet.——R. W. Crittenden, of St. Louis, has been appointed receiver of the Pacific railway company.——There is a feeling at Montreal that no difficulty will be felt in providing a force of 2,000 or 3,000 men for service in the Soudan if the government wants it.——The Reno *Gazette* records the appearance in that place of a man eight feet seven inches in height.——United States Consul Platt, at Cork, Ireland, sends to the New Orleans exposition a sheaf of six blackthorn shillalahs.——The Washington man who proposed that the saloons close on inauguration day as a measure in the interest of public peace, was adjudged insane after but a cursory examination.——A fatal disease has broken out among the hogs in the vicinity of Caldwell, O., which usually results in death a few hours after attacking the animal.——George Sheets was chosen by the council of Toledo, O., mayor to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Romeis, who succeeds Frank Hurd in Congress.——B. F. Avery, founder of the Avery plow manufactory, Louisville, died at the age of 84.——The Nicaraguan Congress has ratified the pending canal treaty by a unanimous vote of both Houses.——The Vulcan boiler and sheet iron works, Pittsburg, were tot

THE KANSAS RAILWAYS.

In the battle with the railways on the matter of exorbitant freight rates, the legislature of Kansas has taken a step that the members will find most difficult to explain satisfactorily to their farmer constituents. That body has passed a joint resolution to dismiss all suits, without prejudice, now pending, begun by the state to test the validity of the consolidation of the Kansas Pacific and Union Pacific, which were alleged to have been made to the injury of the people of the state and in defiance of the United States laws. To be certain that we do no injustice, we quote the proposition for a "compromise," as it is called, which proposition comes from the counsel of the railroads themselves, through the attorney general of the state:

The pending actions by the state are necessarily limited in their effect, if successful, to a withdrawal of and an ousting from only such franchises as are conferred upon the Kansas Pacific railroad company, by the state. Whatever rights and franchises it may have directly received from the government of the United States would not thereby be affected and could not be invaded or interfered with through these actions. While we have been firmly of the opinion that the relation of this corporation to the United States was simply one of contract, and that it was compelled to perform certain obligations under that contract, leaving its relations and obligations under the charter granted by Kansas unaffected; it is seriously contended on the other side that the Kansas Pacific Co. obtained every element of vitality from the Pacific Railroad acts and that it was amenable to no control on the part of the state.

If the state should be unsuccessful in these proceedings it would be more disastrous to the interests of the state than if they never had been begun, because the legal effect of such decision would be to absolve such corporation wholly and entirely from the control of the state and leave the regulation of its conduct entirely to Congress.

We foresee another important reason why it would be unwise for the state to refuse to make this settlement. It is obvious that the state would be placed at a great disadvantage if the defendants should urge that they had made an ineffectual effort to settle with the state upon favorable terms to the state. It would tend to change the present attitude of the state, which appears to be an effort to vindicate the dignity and authority of its sovereignty, to one of vindictiveness and revenge.

This litigation is necessarily a costly one, and may merely by the law's delay be indefinitely protracted by appeal, so that if the state should be successful in the lower court it could have no benefit, and might be ultimate unsuccessful. The defendants propose to submit to the jurisdiction of the state tribunals and to all proper regulations made by the state for their government. This they propose to do now, and if they fail to do it this suit will be instantly revived against them.

Kansas had everything to gain by these suits, and nothing to lose. The suits were to protect the people in their undoubted rights; the ablest lawyers advised that they be brought; the vital question in them was, whether the railroads are amenable to the state through which their lines pass, in any manner whatever. Yet, upon the advice of the attorneys of those roads, the legislature agrees to withdraw them, and leave the question undecided, and the people of the state at the mercy of the corporations.

Look at the arguments quoted above, which are from the attorney general of the state. He gives as the first reason, that the railroad companies claim to be purely the creation of Congress, and to be in no wise amenable to the state. The ground is untenable, yet thus it is quoted as a reason for making the compromise, and he urges that, should the state be defeated, the effect would be disastrous. Why more disastrous than at present? The railroads now act up to their preposterous claim, and the withdrawal gives them perfect immunity. If the suit should go against the state, the railroads would be declared under the entire control of Congress, and its aid would be invoked by the people, not only of Kansas, but the entire West. Congress would be compelled to yield to the demand to make these corporations do justice to the people.

The next reason assigned is idiotic. It is that the state would be placed at disadvantage, if it were shown that the roads had made an effort to settle favorably to the state, and the latter had refused. The "compromise" is not favorable to the state nor to the people. The last reason is equally puerile—that the suits would be costly. They were in the interest of the people, and the people are certainly willing to pay whatever they might cost, in order that a grasping monopoly might have a curb placed upon its oppression of the people.

The beauties of reactionary Bourbon rule in Florida is shown in the recent abolition of the city government of Pensacola, which is Republican, by the legislature, and the turning over of the city to an ex-rebel commission. A letter from that city, dated February 24, tells the story:

The stories told by Northern men, leading property owners, who settled here after the war, of Southern intolerance, intimidation and outrages, will make an interesting letter, showing what has been the chief drawback in the past. A statement of a few facts will throw light on the subject. In this State the Governor appoints not only all the election officers, but all judges, county officers, and every official excepting the mayor and aldermen in cities. Pensacola has a large Republican majority, and the Republicans have managed to retain control. Despairing of getting things in their own hands by other means, the Democrats went to the legislature a few weeks ago and had a law passed abolishing the city government of Pensacola, and providing as a substitute a commission appointed by the Governor. Thus in a Republican city the members of that party have no voice in saying how they shall be taxed or ruled. When they did have possession of the city government the Democrats refused to pay taxes, and as the judges were appointed by the Governor, they were of course Democrats, and the courts were used to shield Democrats from paying taxes to a Republican city government. This is the spirit of Democratic intolerance which blights the progress of the South to-day.

The personal appearance of CLEVELAND has astonished and disappointed the Democratic hosts at Washington, whose ideas of their prize-package President have been obtained from the idealized creations of that mugwump organ, *Harpers' Weekly*. A Washington special of last night says:

"Few here have ever seen him, and none knew him well. He is about 5 feet 8 inches tall, but is broad all over, from the crown of his head to the sole of his boot. His head is wide and fat from the chin, above a heavy fat neck, clear over the top to the nape of the neck; and as he sits, with his chin dropped, while listening stolidly to a visitor, his jowl projects in fat folds much beyond the jaw and around under the rather small ears. He must measure almost in girth as much as he does in height, while his shoulders and chest are deep enough for those of Atlas. His arms and legs are large, and the hands, while rather small, are too well supplied with flesh. Everybody knows well the face and figure of Gen. PHIL. SHERIDAN. Well, SHERIDAN is, as compared with his coming commander-in-chief, not only in face, but in figure, an Apollo."

Another correspondent speaking of the meeting of ARTHUR and CLEVELAND, says: "There never was probably so great a contrast between two prominent men as between the outgoing and incoming rulers. ARTHUR, tall, stately, handsome and refined and splendid of figure, and CLEVELAND, short and otherwise the extreme opposite of his predecessor."

Correspondence.

"CRACKER" VS. NEGRO.

An Intelligent View of the Race Problem in the South.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I am a Pennsylvania Dutchman—a Republican through and through, and a Prohibitionist, according to the BLADE'S idea. I have resided in the south for 25 years, and am an "unpensioned veteran of more than twenty battles" in the cause that was not lost. At the close of the war I was employed by the government to look after the interests of the new-born citizens, late "contrabands of war," now freedmen and citizens, on an equal (?) footing with myself and all other law-abiding people, as guaranteed by the constitution of the United States, but disfranchised by a few of the Southern states, especially those bordering on the gulf.

The negro is too degraded, too ignorant, to be placed on equality before the law with that proud, intelligent, cultured Southern citizen, known as the "cracker," "tar-heel" and "clay-eater," of whom you have had a truly graphic description by your Manatee, Fla., correspondent. This correspondent has doubtless been living in a community exclusively rebel Democratic, and has imbibed not a little of the Southern idea. I am sure he knows not whereof he speaks. True it is, that the Southern Democracy claim the disfranchisement of the negro is a "necessity to protect themselves from ignorant negro rule." If they had substituted "Republican rule," the truth would have been told.

If the claim is true, why are they willing to grant the negro his rights only when he gives a undoubted evidence that he will vote the pure, unalloyed Democratic ticket. And if ignorance disqualifies a voter, what right has the "cracker" to citizenship? He is a very numerous quantity in the Southern states, and is far below the negro in natural intelligence, thrift and education. The negro is ambitious to learn, eager to accumulate property, and likes to imitate the better class of his white brothers in dress and home comforts. In every community in the South can be found honest, capable, intelligent negroes, successful in business, invariably in comfortable circumstances. I challenge any one to show me a single instance in all the South where the "cracker" has made one progressive step in any direction. As "befo' the wah," he still remains in *statu quo*.

The educational statistics of the South show that the "cracker" class largely predominates. The cultured intelligence of the South does not, as a class, sympathize with the "crackers" in their proscriptive warfare against the blacks. The better class of the Southern people are really the true friends of the colored man. They trust and confide in them more than those who sacrificed so much for their liberty. It must be admitted that there are a few intelligent leaders among the ignorant whites, whose whole ambition is for political exaltation. But the true situation in the South should be correctly understood.

There is no race warfare. I don't believe there ever will be; but there is a war between ignorance and intelligence. The "poor white trash" of ante-bellum days, whose existence was little above that of the brutes, and upon whom the slave looked with utter contempt, are now the bitterest foes of the freedmen, whose intelligence and energy has secured to them the respect and friendship of the better class of Southern people. Schools and universities all over the South are filling with neglected children, ambitious for education. The "cracker" spurns every attempt to better his condition, and is filled with jealousy and hatred because the "nigger" is rising.

I am no negro worshipper and socially I give him a wider berth than do his Southern friends. I admire his pluck and energy. I respect his right before the law. Twenty years' observation of his conduct discovers no reason that he should be denied the fullest rights of citizenship, and the respect and confidence of his old masters. I make the prediction that there will be a revolution in the shot-gun policy of the South in less than ten years. The intelligent South will see that the negro is protected in the exercise of every civil right.

FIRST WIS. CAV. VOL.

Chattanooga, Tenn.

Descriptive Letters from Various Points.

We give below, in condensed form, letters from various friends, giving information of interest to those who would like to change their present locations and find new homes:

Amos L. Griffith, Tracy City, Tenn.:

If you could see the letters that have been piled in on me for the past week, you would not blame me for troubling you one more time. I never dreamed of the hail of letters, or I certainly would never had you publish the one you did on January 8. I am an invalid, now in bed, on my back, trying to answer the hundreds of questions about everything pertaining to this country. The price of cattle, as well as everything in the stock line, is fluctuating, very little difference at any point in the United States, if the quotations in the BLADE and other papers are correct. All your readers have to do to find the price of live stock, grain, etc., is to look over your market columns and compare with other papers to see for themselves.

The tame grasses that have been tried on the mountain produce about one ton of hay to the acre; oats, 40 to 70 bushels; rye the same; wheat has never been tested that I know of; corn, 10 to 30 bushels. There are not a great many improved farms in my neighborhood—only four between my house and the top of the mountain on the road to Jasper, 11 miles to the top and 14 to Jasper. No schools, churches or anything else; no demand for day or farm labor, because there are no farms open for demand for merchandise. The object in writing was to let the world know that there is a land unsettled awaiting the usual accompaniments of civilization. It does seem to me your many readers ought to know without asking that a mechanic could do no good without population, and my letter expressly stated we had a wilderness with very few squatters or settlers. I further told them to come in colonies sufficient to have their own neighbors and schools, etc. Each colony could bring its own mechanics. We do have hog cholera, chicken cholera, etc., here as well as other places. I do not know of any special disease among native cattle; have neither seen or heard of any, and I hope every one of your thousands of readers will ask this for answer to their many questions. I would cheerfully answer each and every one of them by personal letters but, my disease, contracted during the war, has taken a fresh grip on me and tumbled me in bed, it is with a great deal of pain I write this. I will just say, in conclusion, any man who has small industry and economy can make a good living on any of the mountain or valley lands that can be cultivated at all, and most of it can be cultivated. There is no demand for cordwood, no asheries to make pearl-ash, no charcoal burners (all use stone-coal). I cannot tell why the mountain lands have not been settled before this, I only know they are not settled, and I honestly believe to be the most valuable lands in Tennessee for fruits and grapes, vegetables, etc. At least, where tested, such is the cases. One of your readers asks "what is chalybeate water?" It is water strongly impregnated with iron, and is considered very valuable as a medicine.

"Webfoot," Creswell, Oregon:

During the second week of December there were wild flowers blooming in profusion all over this great garden spot—the Willamette valley. The local papers were full of items referring to the unusual growth of volunteer peas, potatoes, lettuce and tobacco. In some parts of the valley people were using young potatoes, grown since digging the regular crop. Then came Jack Frost with a vengeance long delayed. For two or three nights there was heavy freezing. Then came a little rain, next a little snow and suddenly the wind wheeled round to the north and sleet began to fall. Don't compare it with any of your eastern snow storms or cold northern blizzards. It was not so very cold, but there was a constant sifting of sleet, or very fine hail, and while it was covering the whole length of the valley to a depth of from eight inches to two feet, it was raining on the mountains on both sides of us and filling the streams to overflowing. The storm ceased after a few days and the waters subsided to within reasonable bounds. Surest awnings, barns and houses, built to turn away the common "Oregon mist," went down under the weight, some barns falling on and crushing stock, and others laying open to the rain that followed, thousands of bushels of grain. When the rain commenced to fall it froze where it fell and the timber went down in every direction. For one whole day, here in the southern part of the valley, there was one continual crash and snap of falling and breaking trees.

In the east the weather prophets say that "as the days grow longer, the cold grows stronger," but in the Willamette valley the cold comes with a north wind and goes with a south wind or "chinook," and the length of the days seem to have nothing to do with it. Perhaps a word about the origin of the term "chinook" would be proper here. The inhabitants of the upper Columbia country gave the name to a warm wind which always blew up the river from the direction of the land of the Chinooks, a tribe living near the mouth of the Columbia, on the north side. But the wind really comes off the Japan current, to the southwest of us, and comes over the mountains into this valley, a messenger with good news and hailed with delight, it continues down the valley till it reaches the Columbia, where it turns east and up the stream to delight the snow-bound Bunchgrass dwellers. It is the same current of warm, moist air that brings us rain, summer and winter, and only receives its special praise under the misnomer of "Chinook" when it comes to deliver as from a cold snap.

The snow off again, the grass is laid bare, and there is an abundance of it. Where farmers are not so careless or thoughtless as to overstock their pastures, stock requires but very little attention, so far as feeding is concerned.

To Eastern people it may seem strange that, with such rapid melting of snow and with a a heavy rainfall at the same time, there is not a regular wash-out as a consequence. In this instance there is no danger, for there is no snow in the mountains; but when the mountains are full of snow and a warm rain begins to fall it fills the farmers who live along the river bottom lands with anxiety, for it often happens that neighbors' fencing gets "considerably mixed" and has to be dug out of drift. A country where so much rain falls as does here is necessarily and consequently supplied with thorough drainage, and the average webfooter (as the inhabitants of this valley are called) is not afraid of being washed off.

S. F., Chattanooga, Tenn.:

There is no country better watered than East Tennessee. There are 34 counties in it. Through every one of these there runs a navigable stream. It has 21 rivers, all of them navigable for flat floats, keel boats and other small craft; but several of them have sufficient depth of water to float steamboats. All empty into the main river, the Tennessee, which is a large and beautiful stream, and when the canal is completed around the Mussel Shoals, large steamers, nearly throughout the year, will be able to ascend from its mouth as far as Knoxville, a distance of some 1,500 miles. By reference to the map, the advantageous location of Chattanooga at once becomes apparent, being located in the center of a county sufficiently large for a great emi pire, with all the elements of materiawealth in inexhaustible abundance. The mineral wealth of East Tennessee is truly marvelous. Coal and ore are so abundant and accessible as to enable the manufacturer to deliver iron in the Eastern market and sell cheaper than the article can be manufactured in Pennsylvania; and again the products of Tennessee come as near filling the variety column as those of any other country on the globe.

S. Tinker, Headland, Henry Co., Alabama:

The chip I contributed to the CAMP FIRE from Alabama has brought such a shower of correspondence that I cannot answer each personally. I therefore wish to use your columns to inform the many inquiring friends. Politically, Alabama is Democratic, but would not be with a full vote and fair count. I have been in some of the counties in this part of the state and there was not a ticket to be had but Democratic ones. I know a majority of my neighbors are Republicans, but they could not get tickets, and did not go to the election. Schools are in their infancy, but there is a wonderful uprising all over this state for education, and the people are doing about all they can with the means in their hands. Here, in the southwest corner of the state, the country is as level as a prairie, the soil is sandy, the timber is mostly pine, which grows very tall, large and straight. There is timber enough going to waste here to pay for building a railroad the entire length of the county. I never saw a more abundant supply or better quality. The soil will not produce corn and wheat as will Illinois, Indiana or Ohio. It will produce a bale of cotton to the acre, if fertilized and well cultivated. The county will not average that well. Grasses have never been tried, but I am satisfied that clover will do well. The climate is delightful. Land can be bought at prices ranging from $12 to $40 per acre. This is as healthy a country as can be found any where. We know nothing of pulmonary diseases. As to the heat of summer, we are so close to the seacoast we get the benefit of the gulf breezes, and our heat seldom rises above 90°. When it does, it is not that choking, burning sensation experienced in regions north of the Ohio. The railroads are all in the future yet, but several are projected. Northern people are not only tolerated, but anxiously desired. I wish to say to all, come and see us. Here you can raise all the vegetables, such as potatoes, beans, cabbage, onions,—yes, and rice too. Rice is a profitable crop. You can raise from fifteen to thirty bushels of corn per acre. But cotton is the money crop. You can make from $30 to $50 per acre out of your cotton crop.

M. S., Alliance, O.:

If any old soldier reader of the BLADE thinks of going to Tenne see, my advice would be, don't; that better country can be easily found, cheaper at $100 per acre than land in Tracy county as a gift, and a span of $200 mules thrown in. There is a large tract of coal land in Tracy, but it is doubtful if it could be bought for 5c per acre, as the coal at half a cent per bushel is worth a vast deal more. The railroad at Tracy City is on top of the mountain, but I am badly mistaken if there is any coal under it. I have, within 20 miles of Tracy City, made rails all day with my coat and gloves on. I have heard citizens living within five miles of it say it was sometimes cold enough to freeze chickens to death. The promised land of Walden's Ridge I don't know much about, but I know enough to steer clear of it. There is good land in Tennessee, but not on the Cumberland Mountains. The extremes in climate are as great as in the middle states, and the changes just as sudden.

H. H. Thurber, Northeastern Iowa:

This is a great farming and dairy country. Smaller farmers are keeping from 10 to 25 cows and on the larger farms are kept from 25 to 50, and even 80 to 100 on the largest. The milk is mostly sold to the creameries, with the sour and buttermilk returned to the farm to feed calves and pigs. We have creameries in almost every neighborhood and village in the county. We had good crops the past summer, excepting apples, though some orchards did well; small fruit is abundant. A great many horses, cattle and hogs are raised, and shipped to Chicago and the Eastern markets. Buyers are paying $4 to $4 25 for live hogs; beef cattle, $3 to $4.50; horses, good common, $120 to $150. The country is scoured for young stock to ship West. Calves bring $10 to $12; yearlings, $20; cows about $30; milk, $1 per 100 quarts; corn, 30 to 35 cents; oats, 22 to 25 cents; hay, $5 per ton. We have a very healthful climate, with plenty of timber and good water, and a very rich and productive soil. Good improved farms, with good buildings, are worth from $30 to 50 per acre.

"An ex-soldier," Sherwood, Tenn.:

I, together with some others of the "boys in blue," reside here in Sherwood, a pleasant and particularly healthy little town, directly on the line of the Nashville & Chattanooga railroad, and six miles north of the state line, between Alabama and Tennessee. This place is located in the valley on Crow creek, and is 1,000 feet above sea-level, and if we take the mountain road, so called, and wind around up the mountain 1½ miles, we we reach the top, or the Cumberland plateau, which is 1,000 feet higher than this valley. This plateau is just beginning to be developed, and so far it proves to be a splendid fruit and stock country, and it is my candid opinion that if there is a perfectly healthy region on the face of this earth, it is here on this plateau. I reside with my family here in Sherwood, where we enjoy all the advantages, almost, which cities can boast of, and are subjected to none of their nuisances, like saloons, for the "Four-mile law" of this state excludes everything of that kind within a radius of four miles from an academy, and one is located here.

The writer of the above wrote on both sides of his paper, so we can only use half his letter.

"You Can't Afford to Miss It!"

"An eight page, forty-column weekly a whole year for only 50 cents." This is the offer made by the publishers of the *American Rural Home*, of Rochester, N. Y., to all persons who send in their years subscription before April 1st, 1885. This is an opportunity to secure one of the best farm journals in the world at a bargain. The *Rural* is the brightest, cheapest, and most popular weekly published for the farmer and his family. It is not a paper of mushroom growth, like many so-called farm journals that are at present being extensively advertised, but has been published regularly for fifteen years. Many of the ablest Agriculturists and Horticulturists write for it. Its eight large pages are always brimful of practical information and of fresh, original miscellany of the highest character. It is, in short, the model journal for those who live in a village and country homes, and should be the first one subscribed for after your local paper. We are acquainted with both paper and publishers and cheerfully recommend it to our readers as a first class agricultural journal worth twice the money asked for it. The regular price is ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE, but the above special offer of FIFTY CENTS will be accepted if sent in before April 1st, 1885. Remember, this is no *humbug*, but a genuine, *bona fide* proposition to furnish for FIFTY CENTS A YEAR the only eight-page, forty-column agricultural WEEKLY ever offered at that price. Address,

Rural Home Co., Rochester, N. Y.

The Boston *Transcript* says: "It is indirectly asserted that Edwin Booth has firmly resolved on leaving the stage. He will play a series of farewell engagements in the larger cities of the country."

PROHIBITION UTTERANCES.

What the Blade's Readers Have to Say of Our Plan.

Readers of the BLADE may as well spare themselves the trouble of writing abusive letters to us. We shall not publish them. If they do not like the BLADE, they are not compelled to take it. If they wish to give reasons against the BLADE'S plan for prohibition, seasoned with abuse, they must send them to some other paper for publication. We have given much space to honest objections, when stated in fair and courteous language, and shall give more such letters; but we do not propose to fill our columns with long-winded screeds from men who cannot spell correctly, abusing the BLADE for not being as foolish as the cranky writers. We have the undoubted right to say what shall or what shall not go into the paper, and shall exercise it. When a man pays $1 for the BLADE a year, that gives him no right to have whatever he may write to us printed in the BLADE. The paper is what he pays for, and when he gets it he gets what he bought. We are willing to have criticisms, and to publish them if we see fit—provided they are couched in gentlemanly language, are briefand to the point.

Mrs. H. Valentine, Woodland, Mich.:

For one I am interested in reading the BLADE, because it is in favor of prohibition. I am a Prohibitionist to the core and feel like doing all I can for the cause. Let every man, woman and child lay side and shoulder to the wheel and keep it in motion until every vestige of the rum traffic is ground to powder. No pen can picture the horrors of intemperance correctly. The cartoon is the best representation of it of anything that I know of. It shows the whole thing from beginning to end. Let it be posted everywhere, that the drunkard can see himself as in a glass. It may be some good will come out of it. I endorse the BLADE'S plan of prohibition, not amalgamation prohibition mixed with politics, not the third party; I want to see every saloon hoisted from its foundation and crushed to atoms.

W. K. Folks, Wellington, Kan.:

While prohibition does not entirely stop trade in rum throughout Kansas, we can report progress against its ravages. With the penalties staring them in the face, men will take the risk of disobeying the law. These men are losing their courage and money pretty fast, however, and are either going out of the business or out of the state. J. T. Moore, of Eureka, was find $400 and costs last week for running a "blind tiger." Frank Durein, the most conspicuous saloon-keeper in Topeka since the new law has been in force, was sentenced at Topeka to pay a fine of $800 in one case, and in another $200, and costs amounting to $300—total $1,300. He weakened and gave his check for the full amount, and a $1,000 bond for good behavior in future. Several other saloon men and bar-tenders were also fined and imprisoned. In our own county during the past month fines amounting to $1,000 were assessed against saloon-keepers. At Topeka Mrs. Durien brought suit against several saloon-keepers for selling rum to her husband, and thereby making a drunkard of him, and obtained judgment for $2,100. These reports are from but three counties, and during February. With the amendments that are proposed now in our legislature, whisky-selling in Kansas will be very unprofitable business.

L. S. Woodruff, Leadville, Col., makes an energetic protest against the St. John campaign. Is it not better to "let the dead past bury its dead," and move on with united front against the rum power? As Mr. Woodruff says, "People are terribly scared about cholera, smallpox, etc., when they spread, but those diseases are no comparison to the rum power."

J. H. E., Madisonville, Tenn., writes on both sides of the paper, and we cannot, therefore, use it.

George Shaul, Seneca, Kan.:

I am in favor of any plan that will successfully "pulverize the rum power," but my mind is not clear as to the prudence of making prohibition a side issue. It is doubtful if this question will ever be settled until the people love temperance better than party ties. The BLADE'S plan has apparently a striking resemblance to the "Anaconda Policy" of crushing the rebellion. Let us concentrate our energies and strike the rum power as a vital point. Prohibition will never be a success in one state as long as it is lawful to sell intoxicants in another, because liquor will be transported from the one state to the other. If a government law should be enacted, and the manufacturing stopped in every state, then the heart of the rum power would be reached and pulverized.

Here is the weak point in the above argument: Under our federal system, it is impossible to "concentrate our energies and strike at a vital point" that will make the whole Union prohibition at one blow. This is an Union of states, and the vital blow can not be struck till not only two-thirds of the Senate and two-thirds of the House will vote to submit a national prohibition amendment, but three-fourths of the states have clear prohibition majorities in both branches of their legislatures. To leave nothing done till that can be done, is to postpone prohibition till the day of judgment. The units of which the Union is composed are the states. They must be won, one by one, until three-fourths of them are solidly prohibition in sentiment. This is the BLADE'S plan. And, note this fact, that all prohibitionists, like our friend above, can work on this plan, and it does not antagonize any other plan of work—which is a feature worthy of thought.

D. A. Sumner, Argonia, Kan.:

I see that a great many whisky papers, or those working in the in the interest of rum, claims that prohibition in Kansas is a failure. Who says so? Is it the temperance people? No; they are well satisfied with the result, It is those who would like it to be a failure. This struggle reminds me in many ways of our late war. We were told many times the war was a failure. Who told us so? Was it the boys in the field, or those best calculated to know? It was those in the rear who wanted to make it a failure. It is just the same old racket. It is not to be expected but that we will have some violations of the prohibition laws as well as all other laws, and especially in the border towns. It is in Kansas just the same as it is in the Eastern states; it is all with the people. If you are in a neighborhood where there is a band of horse thieves or any other law-breakers, they are liable to give trouble. I tell you in Sumner county we make the violators think Jordan is a hard road to travel.

Mr. Sumner also sends us the story of how he became a temperance man; but we have so many letters that we cannot give it the necessary room.

Edgar Bell, Oceola, Iowa:

I admire the BLADE for its bold stand for the Home vs. the Saloon, as well as its soundness on all important issues, and I think the BLADE'S plan the best to "pulverize the rum power." It pleases me to hear the rum fiends squeal, for every time they squeal, the suffering women and children cry for joy. I have enlisted in the fight for the term of my existence, and think I will do all in the line of the worst kind of robbery—the rum dealers' business.

L. S. Parker, Tecumseh, Neb.:

I read the BLADE of February 19, and must say that I admired the grand ring of the paper at once, but upon reading your editorials—"License—Strategy of the Enemy," and "Grinding the Faces of the Farmers," I decided at once to subscribe for the paper. The suppression of saloons and the regulation of railroad charges are the two prime questions to be dealt with by the people of our government. Enclosed is $1.06 for the BLADE and cartoon, "Which Road do you Want your Boy to Take?"

"Citizen of Fayette county," Iowa:

S. Underwood, of Clermont, Iowa, says, in the BLADE, that with us here in Iowa, if a justice of the peace should fine a liquor dealer for breaking the liquor laws said justice could not be re-elected. These are not facts, and ex-Justice of the Peace Underwood's saying so does not make it so. Your correspondent knows Mr. Underwood and also his town. Clermont has been what I call a whisky hole, and its rum-sellers have degraded more young men than they have in any town of its size that I know of in Iowa. West Union, the county-seat, has been visited by as many as from ten to twenty of its citizens at one time, attending law suits that were caused by whisky brawls. We have nothing now of the kind. The young men that were the most beastly wrecks of humanity are regaining their manhood. And can it be possible that the good citizens of Clermont are ready to reverse all this? Nothing of the kind. Mr. Underwood probably meant that if a justice of the peace neglected to fine a rum-seller for selling whisky, said justice could never be re-elected; and such are the facts.

Whisky is smuggled into Fayette county from Wisconsin and Minnesota, and drank at livery stables and barns. Packages arriving at depots, if they look suspicious, are opened, and when they contain intoxicants, are destroyed and the owner of them prosecuted. I have yet to hear of a single instance where an officer was threatened with losing his chance for re-election for doing his duty, and as for the township trustees not putting the names of strong prohibitionists on the jury list, that is all nonsense and only shows what a poor opinion he must have of the good people of Clermont and their trustees. I do not have the honor of being a prohibitionist, but I will say this for the citizens of Clermont and vicinity, Mr. Underwood is a very poor judge of their character.

The BLADE has now given Mr. Underwood space, and the above writer. We cannot devote any more room to this debate. Our readers must make up their own opinions.

J. G. Doan, Kewanna, Ind., writes part of his letter on both sides of his paper, and so we can only give a paragraph of it: "I regard the rum power influence the greatest enemy known to man, the greatest blight upon good society that can be conceived of. It degrades, and debases, and demoralizes everybody and everything that has anything to do with it. Not a man on earth is benefited by its use, except those engaged in the traffic; not a man on the face of the earth that is under its influence it does not injure financially, physically, morally and mentally."

F. G. Edge, Mendon, O., sends a long communication arguing in favor of license as a settlement of the liquor question. He misses entirely the point. License puts the accursed traffic under the protection of the law, puts it on an equality with the sale of calico, or sugar, or nails, and makes it respectable. It says in effect to the rum seller, "Pay us the legal sum demanded, and you may poison men, make them tramps and vagabonds, make them insane. You may sell that which nerves the murderer's arm, that which inflames the lust of the brute who ravishes women and children, that which steals away men's judgment and makes them thieves and rascals. You may make homes miserable, make wives unhappy, make children grow up ignorant paupers. Pay us, and you may do all this and fasten your fangs on the rising generation, that they too may join the army going down to the pit." There is but one thing to do, and that is to prohibit the traffic, render it illegal, render the man who attempts to pursue it a criminal.

Walter Lasher, Palenville, N. Y.:

I have long and often felt a desire to say something in favor of the BLADE, but when I thought of doing it the knowledge that its praises are in the mouths of almost every subscriber has kept me still until now. But while looking over the pages of a recent issue my eye fell upon the editorial opposed to license, and I must say I can restrain the desire no longer. All that the BLADE wants is the accomplishment of prohibition, and absolute prohibition is the only way to pulverize the rum power. While reading the editorial, my mind was so affected by the sentiments which it contained and the clearness with which the writer reasoned from them, I was led to exclaim, "How can any man or woman deny himself or herself the exceeding luxury that they might have in the reading of the BLADE for the paltry sum of $1?" Why, I would not be denied the information that I have received from it in one page for twice the subscription price of the paper; and I must say that, as good as that page is, it finds its equal in many of the other pages of the BLADE, for in it the lovers of fiction, the scientific, the agriculturist, the ladies, the youth of both sexes, and, in fact, all classes of the chaste and virtuous can find intellectual food suited to their peculiar tastes.

INGERSOLL DID 'T WRITE IT.

An Eloquent Arraignment of Intemperance that was Written by Several Hands.

Several weeks ago the BLADE published the following eloquent arraignment of intemperance, which was found floating through the press, attributed to Col. Bob Ingersoll. It was headed "Ingersoll on Whisky." No sooner had it appeared than several letters protesting that Ingersoll did not write it, came to hand. One of them was published, and brought a half-dozen rejoinders that he *did* write it, and stating that it is published in a volume of his speeches. Then came a letter stating that the same article is found in Gunn's "Domestic Medicine."

When Col. Ingersoll lectured here, he was interviewed by a BLADE reporter, and promptly denied its authorship. Said he:

"I used the first sentence only, in an address some years ago. It has grown by accretion. Different people have added sentence after sentence until it has grown to its present proportions. Tell the BLADE readers that I did not write any of it except the initial sentence."

Below is given the article in full, as a curiosity—a specimen of literary mosaic:

"Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength and old age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes natural affections, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachments, blights parental hope, and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers fiends, and all of them paupers and beggars. It feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes pestilence and embraces consumption. It covers the land with misery, idleness and crime. It fills your jails, supplies your almshouses, and demands your asylums. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels and cherishes pride. It crowds your penitentiaries and furnishes victims to your scaffolds. It is the life blood of the gambler, the element of the burglar, the prop of the highwayman and support of the midnight incendiary. It countenances the liar, respects the the thief and esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligations, reverences fraud and honors infamy. It defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue and slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher his helpless offspring, helps the husband to massacre the wife and the child to grind the parricidal ax. It burns up men, consumes women, detests life, curses God and despises heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury box, and stains the judicial ermine. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislator, dishonors the statesman and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness; and with the malevolence of a fiend, it calmly surveys its frightful desolation, and, unsatiated with havoc, it poisons felicity, kills peace, and ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation, and wipes out national honor, then curses the world and laughs at its ruin. It does all that and more—it murders the soul. It is the sum of all villainies, the father of all crimes, the mother of abominations; the devil's best friend and God's worst enemy."

A Novel Enterprise.

MR. EDITOR—About one year ago my attention was called to an article entitled "Success with Poultry," which was so practical, that as I was out of employment, and had my family to support, I at once concluded to try it. I got directions for making an Incubator by sending ten cents to Griffith & Co., Zanesville, Ohio, which, when complete, held 250 eggs and cost $7. I hatched, from March till July, 741 chickens, and raised 684 of them. As soon as the chicks were from ten to twelve weeks old I sold them for broilers. Chickens hatched in February, March and April will sell much higher than later chicks. I got for the whole lot $426.60; this for a woman without any experience, and on a small lot in town, I consider pretty good. I now have another Incubator made and think I will make at least twice as much this year. I do not keep any hens, but just buy eggs at the groceries to fill my Incubator. Any one can get directions for making an Incubator like mine by sending ten cents to the above firm. I am sure there are many in these hard times, that would be glad to try such a business, it is pleasant and profitable. I wish some of the readers would tell me whether New York is the best market to ship to, as so many tell me I could get much more for my poultry if I would ship it East. MRS. G. W. R.

An American Engineer Going Over to Help the Mahdi.

A Dallas, Texas, special says: "Maj. W. H. Wilson, architect and civil engineer of this city, left to-day for St. Louis, in response, it is said, to a formal proposition for his service in fortification engineering under El Mahdi. It is believed, though without seeming authority, that the proposition has no less a personage behind it than Gen. Stone, who, when Earl Dufferin undertook the reorganization of Egypt, was ignored by Hicks Pasha. In this connection, it is worthy of note that a gentleman here who traveled in Egypt says Gen. Stone's letter in the New York *World*, cautioning the British against sending their army from Suakim to Berber, was misleading and in the interest of disaster to the British. Maj. Wilson graduated with high honors at Staunton, Va., and served as a corps officer under Stonewall Jackson."

Publishers' Column.

THE BLADE'S TEMPERANCE CARTOONS.

To Temperance Workers, Societies and Organizations.

The BLADE, months ago, conceived the idea of instructing the people in the Temperance cause by means of appeals to the eye. To the end of arousing public sentiment we have issued two cartoons, for posting, the first of which has been scattered all over the United States. Of this one we sent out, gratis, nearly 100,000, which is our contribution to the great cause.

BLADE CARTOON, NO. 1.

"Do You See Any Good Coming Out of It?"

This is a very forcible picture. In the center is a bottle labelled "Whiskey," though a label is unnecessary. From the mouth of the bottle issues a vapor which separates in four sections, crowning each being pictures representing Murder, Beggary, Gambling and Delirium. On one side of the bottle is a devil and on the other a bar-room loafer, with appropriate sketches filling in the corners.

It is a powerful presentation of the evils and certain results of Intemperance.

BLADE CARTOON, NO. 2.

"Which Way Would You Have Your Boy Go?"

Is a series of pictures, commencing with the face of a beautiful three-year-old, who starts in life on an equality with all other three-year-olds. On the upward line comes first the clean-faced boy of 10 on his way to school; next, the young, ambitious student of 18; then the young soldier of 21; then the middle-aged, strong man of 30; and, lastly, the hale and hearty old man of 70.

The contrast is another line of pictures, viz: The street boy already under the influence of rum, with the stub of a cigar in his mouth, at 10, the hoodlum at 18, the bar-room loafing ruffian at 21, the tramp and criminal of 50, and the broken-down vagabond of 70.

There can be no more forcible presentation of the subject in pictorial form, and no cartoon can be devised that will better tell the whole story and do it at a glance.

We have given away a hundred thousand of No. 1, and would be glad to follow it up, but it is impossible. We have made a price on them, however, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage, as follows:

Three copies of either	6 cents.
Six copies	10 cents.
Twenty five copies	30 cents.
One Hundred copies	One dollar.

As we said this gives us no profit, the prices named covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute the wrapping-paper and labor.

We want them pasted up so that they will stay, in every shop, store, factory, and on fences where they will be seen, in every section of the United States. There must be a temperance sentiment developed, everywhere. The people need awakening on this most important question. Order them—the cost is barely nothing.

Send in your orders at once, and when received post them where they will be seen. We shall follow these with others in quick succession.

"NASBY IN EXILE."

The price of this widely circulated book has been reduced from $3.50 to $2.00, by mail postpaid. It is the best book of travels that has been written for years, and, at the reduced price, is the cheapest book on the market. It is just now a very timely book as its descriptions of Ireland and the Irish and the Tower of London are the best that have ever been put in print. The book is full of meat and should be in every library. Sent on receipt of price postpaid.

LARGE SALES.

We believe there are no books before the American public at the present time having so large a sale as "Health and Beauty" and "Social Etiquette." We have sold many thousands of them this winter, and the demand for them will not cease until every reader of the BLADE possesses them. We notice that every person who orders one of them is absolutely certain to follow with an order for the other. The price

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON, EDITOR.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:
1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.
2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.
3. Write only on one side of the paper. Write PLAINLY. DO NOT interline. Write BRIEFLY.

WOMAN'S WORK.

WHAT CAN SHE DO?

XXI.

I have often wondered, when I have heard women mourning over the fact that it had become imperatively necessary for them to do something to help themselves and yet there was nothing that they were prepared to do well, and it was impossible to give time or money to preparation, why they did not turn to account some gift for homely work, which I sometimes knew they possessed. People's needs are multiplying every day. By that I mean, that what once was only wished for is now felt to be a necessity, and therefore the difficulty of supply increased. Things which were in times past done in the home kitchen entirely, many housewives depend entirely upon the public market or, and as most of such articles are produced by the wholesale, they often fail to have the genuine flavor that a good home cook gives them. The calls upon the time and strength of society women in these days, however, are so multitudinous as to render it impossible to do at home what can be found fairly well done elsewhere. Besides this is the difficulty of getting efficient help to make the domestic machinery run smoothly when only the common, every day labor is done, without attempting anything beyond. They are, therefore, delighted when the opportunity is afforded to purchase estables that have not the manufactured flavor, and will readily pay a little more than the market price for such articles.

There are many women who are not gifted in any particular way, and, as I said before, have neither time nor money to spend in preparation for work, when the time comes to do something. Each may, however, be able to cook some one thing especially well. With energy and enterprise she could find a market for it in almost any town or city. I know of one family where the husband was sick and the wife was unable to leave him and her group of little ones to go out to earn money. What should she do? In one thing she was an adept; she could make the lightest, sweetest bread in all the country round. She found a few customers to start with, the demand increased, and as she was never careless, and could always be depended upon, her business broadened out until it has become sufficient to keep the family in comparative comfort. No doubt she has been weary and disheartened many times, but the fact of her success remains.

Another, a young girl, prided herself rightfully upon her skill in making soft molasses cake, something which most people like better than the richer concoctions. She wanted to earn some money. What do you think she did? She took a clean white basket, put a neat linen cloth smoothly inside, leaving the end to lap over, placed sample pieces of her cake in it and covering them with the cloth, started out and went first to a lady well known for her kindness and liberality, and asked her to put her name in a little book she had for the purpose, as her first regular patron. Then she went on until she had enough promised to make a beginning, and now she is earning good wages, with the prospect of a thriving business, which will demand larger quarters and an assistant. Did she meet with no discouragements, do you ask? Certainly, and many times came near giving up, especially under the rebuffs occasionally received from some grouty housekeeper, but as these were the exceptions, and not the rule, she persevered, and is independent and happy.

Some of you may have read of Miss Martin, of New York, the story of whose success has happened to get into the newspapers, and therefore gone the rounds. She came from a wealthy family which was reduced in circumstances. She wanted money that was not forthcoming, and the question arose in her mind as to how it might be earned. She had no especial talent although highly cultivated, and no accomplishments that could be turned to account. One thing she had a knack for, and that was pickling and preserving. Notwithstanding the knowledge that she might lose caste in her social circle, she began by informing her friends that she was going to make a large quantity of preserves and pickles which she wanted to sell. They knew her skill, and she readily disposed of her stock the first year. The second year she made more and sold all that she made, and so with the third. By the fourth she had a large business, and her reputation was so good that her stock was in demand by some of the best stores in New York. She works from May till November and her income now, is, I am assured, from $6,000 to $7,000 a year. The secret of her great success is that there is never any deterioration of her wares. She gives the work her personal supervision; uses the best of material for everything and never employs anyone who does not do the labor as she requires it to be done. A sister of this lady has taken up cake-making in order to gain an income and she is quite as celebrated for her cakes, as Miss Martin is for her pickles and preserves.

Now these are no fancy sketches but *bona fide* facts. I can tell you of something else at which a young girl earned enough to take music lessons that she could get in no other way. She made candies and sold them. It was uphill work in the beginning but she persevered, being careful to have them as nice as they could be produced, and in this way the two or three customers she had at first multiplied into many. I do not mean that she peddled these candies from door to door, but she went to a friendly grocer and persuaded him to sell them on commission. She did the same at a drug store. What they did at first through kindness to her grew into a source of profit to them, and she was enabled to take her music lessons.

Another woman did a good deal in a different direction. She began making large collars for children out of feather edge and rick-rack braid, and of laces made by crocheting with knitting cotton. At first she sold them herself, then supplied some stores, and finally the demand became so great that she employed other women to assist her, and she has now 700 upon her books living in different parts of New England, New York and New Jersey—her own headquarters being in New York city—who do the work at home, many of them in rder to earn a little spending money, which is not a matter of necessity. She now supplies one wholesale house with these collars, and last year they took 75,000.

I give you these histories of women's ventures, true, all of them, to show you what has been done by enterprise and industry with homely accomplishments. The great secret is to supply some real want, and to make that supply a little better than anything in the market. It takes some wisdom to judge what is best, some determination to make a begin and considerable energy to persev needs precision in keeping accounts, promptness in filling orders and judgment in buying materials. With these, there is always something in a thickly settled community that women may do to earn money. It is those poverty-stricken ones who live off in the country or thinly populated districts who have the most to contend with, and yet the way is opening even for such. In towns and cities anything that is a want—and the number is infinite—will seek to be supplied in whatever way and from whatever source it can best be accomplished. The thing is to see the opportunity, and seize it.

Another time I shall give you more incidents and suggestions, which may, perhaps, enable some of you to strike out in a path that will lead to a successful self-dependence. EMILY S. BOUTON.

The following letter was received a few days ago:

Miss Emily Bouton, Editor Household Dep't.:

It has been with much interest I have read your advice on "Woman's Work" in the BLADE, but one thing I feel compelled to correct. Perhaps it was the fault of the compositor, but you mentioned that a person learning telegraphy should be able to send 80 words per minute, which would discourage any student. I would say the best operators don't exceed 40 words per minute, while the average speed on commercial lines is from 20 to 30 words per minute. I make this correction thinking it may be of some benefit to those who intend to undertake this occupation. I think it would be an excellent thing for young ladies to learn. Yours, Respectfully, YOUNG OPERATOR.

It *was* a mistake of the compositor. It should have read 30 words a minute instead of 80, as the latter would be, of course, an impossibility. The experienced telegrapher to whom I am indebted for much of my information, also said that the rapidity with which messages could be sent was not nearly so important in making a good operator as the ability to receive rapidly and take down correctly. Telegraphers can be exceedingly slovenly in the use of their instruments, and the signs be transmitted so imperfectly as to challenge the utmost skill to read their meaning.

"Young Operator" has my hearty thanks for calling my attention to the error. It is my object to make the information in these papers correct and reliable, in order that they may be of use to those for whom they are written. E. S. B.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Pansies on Satin or Velvet.—The pattern we have selected for our lesson is 6x11 inches, and is a graceful and pretty design.

If you wish to paint on satin I would recommend Edmonds' artist's red sable brushes; No. 1, 13 cents; No. 3, 18 cents; No. 5, 22 cents.

I presume these may be had of almost any dealer in art materials. If they cannot, long-handled camel's hair brushes will answer very well.

The French bristle brushes are good for painting on velvet and plush. They cost from 10 to 20 cents each, according to size. Nos. 1, 4 and 6 are good numbers for ordinary fabric work.

After having stamped your design on goods, stretch it firmly on painting-board, fastening at corners with artist's thumb tacks or pins. One bottle pale drying oil; 1 tube silver white; 1 tube brown madder; 1 tube pink madder; 1 tube lemon yellow; 1 tube mauve lake; 1 tube terre verts (a dark green); 1 tube chrome green.

To a small quantity of pure white add two or three drops of drying oil; mix thoroughly; then paint your design all pure white; lay the color on as evenly as possible. When this is dry you are ready to lay on the natural colors of the flowers. For one Pansy and bud mix equal parts of pink madder and mauve lake. This makes a beautiful purple. Add a drop or two of the drying oil. Add just a touch of white around the edges to give a little shade of color. Your pansies will have, if possible, natural passes from which to paint. A small study or card with pansies will not cost over ten cents. This will serve as a model if you have no natural flower. On the tips of buds make the color a little darker. Paint the centers of each pansy with pure lemon yellow. When this is dry draw a fine line around these centers with pink madder. For a darker shade on some pansies add a little more madder to the mauve lake and pink madder. For a lighter shade add white to the pink madder and mauve lake. The shaded spots in the center are made after the other color is dry. Brown and pink madder, equal parts mixed, are good for these spots. Put on with a fine brush. Light yellow pansies are very pretty. Lemon yellow and white, to which a drop or two of drying oil has been added, makes a pretty shade of color. If you wish a dark, rich shade of color use cadmium yellow and brown madder, lightening with a little white for the edges. Paint the leaves in two shades of green, lightening with a little yellow on the edges. When this is dry retouch the veins of the leaves with brown madder and terre verte mixed. —E. S. L. THOMPSON, Winchester, Ind.

Feather Flowers.—I will try to tell "Hattie" how to make feather flowers. Have at hand gum in solution, French paper for winding stems, and wire of different sizes. Draw the under side of the feather gently over the edge of the penknife, bending it in the required direction, make a lump of book binders thick paste or wax on the end of a wire for a stalk and begin your flower by sticking the smallest sized feathers into it for a center; place other feathers of the same kind, but larger in size around in order. Choose green feathers for leaves and calyx, and pure white ones for japonicas and white roses. Twist the ends of the same on a wire and make fast with gum, glue, paste, or other similar adhesive substance. Be sure to select the same kind for the same flower. Arrange in a vase and cover to keep free from dust. In this as in all kinds of fancy work, let taste and neatness govern the process. It will often be found necessary to color the feathers to give the desired variety of hues. The directions will be too long to give in this, so I will come again and give them, if our editress thinks it will not be too long, and "Hattie" wishes it.

What would be a suitable color to trim a slate colored hat?—FLORIDA ORANGES.

Tidy.—I made a tidy like the one "Ruth" tells us about, but left out the red. I took strips of muslin the length of the tidy, folded in the edges and stitched through the center, then a row of the round pieces tacked on this and a strip, and so on until the tidy is wide enough. Or another way that is very pretty, is to cross the strips putting a round piece in each space. Finish them up with a heavy fringe. I fear my letter is getting too long, but first I would like to correspond with some of the ladies of the home that live along the coasts where different kind of shells can be gathered.—MRS. FRANK DANCE, Lisbon, Ia.

"Fancy Work and House Decoration," which will be sent to you for 25 cents, by Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., will certainly help you greatly in fixing up the house at spring cleaning time.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Infant's Knitted Shirt.—One skein of cream white Shetland wool; 2 quite fine bone needles. For one-half of shirt: 1st row—cast on 82 stitches; 2d row—p across; 3d row—k plain; 4th row—s 1st stitch—n 1—k 2—tto—k 1—tto—k 2—n 2—k 2—tto—k 1—tto—k 2—n 2—k 2; repeat till across; 5th row—p across; 6th row—same as first; 7th row—k plain; 8th row—p; 9th row—plain; 10th row—same as 4th. Continue this till you have 4 rows of scollops. This forms the bottom of shirt. Now k 2—p 2, till you have 45 rows, being careful to have them match, so as to give the appearance of seaming. Now cast on 16 stitches for shoulder; k across the entire width of shoulder and body; p across—k 2—tto—k 1—n 1—k 2, etc., across. This makes a row of eyelets through which to pass a ribbon, bind off. The sleeves are made of 4 rows of scollops same as bottom of the shirt; set up with 41 stitches; body, 6½ ins. in length.—LOUISE.

Child's Leggings.—Cast on 70 stitches. Knit with two bone needles garter stitch till time to narrow; then put in two steel needles much finer than the bone and knit to the desired length and bind off. Sew up the back. You will be surprised how nicely they fit. One bunch of Germantown will be required for a small child.—LOUISE.

Gentleman's Scarf.—I wish to tell "B. M. W." how to crochet a scarf both pretty and durable. I made one for my brother of garnet and shaded red Germantown, which has been very much admired. It is two yards long (including fringe) and sixteen inches wide. I bought four skeins of the garnet and one skein of the shaded, costing me $1. The directions are very simple, and I think you will be pleased with your work. Make a chain the required width of the scarf. Put thread over hook and crochet in first loop, thread over and crochet in second loop, and so continue. This is all, and it is surprising how pretty it will be. Crochet twelve rows, break your thread and tie on the shaded yarn. Crochet twelve rows more, then continue with the garnet until you arrive at the other end; then put in the shaded stripe. Put on fringe six inches deep. Other colors may be used, such as blue and brown, or blue and drab. If this does not reach the waste basket, next time I will tell you about some pretty photograph frames I have been making.—MAMIE DRAYTON.

Correspondence.

HOME ADORNMENT.

The following is an extract from an address made by Mr. D. R. Locke at the opening on the evening of March 4, of the rooms of the Toledo Art association, of which he is the President. It is reproduced here because it embodies a great truth in regard to the adornment of a home, one which I hope those members of the HOUSEHOLD, who have done nothing in the way of household decoration because they could do so little, will read and make a beginning, at once, no matter how poor and small for their own good and that of their family:

I had rather see a shilling lithograph on the wall of a cottage than nothing at all. Whoso commences with the shilling lithograph, will learn from that something of art, and soon wants it a better chromo, the better chromo educates up to the point of an engraving, and the engraving creates a demand for better work in oil or water. The main thing is to get the people up to the point of paying attention to art at all. Once started in the direction of the beautiful, the natural craving of the mind for something better, no matter how it may be at the beginning, will do the rest.

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They make a mistake who hold that there is no utility in art. The woman who craves something beautiful in her house (and what one does not?), never feels satisfied with her small beginnings in this way. The picture on the wall, no matter how inferior, calls for ornamentation to correspond with it. Uneducated though she may be in art, in the sense in which the artist understands it, she nevertheless soon begins to study the effect of the surroundings of her cheap acquisition. Little by little other things are made to harmonize with this, and her, central idea; a curtain is gracefully draped here, a bit of color added there; she learns what tints complement each other, and by and by comes to her the consciousness of beauty in form, and of symmetry in arrangement. The whole room becomes transformed, possessed of a soul, as one may say. Corners that were as bare as the palm of your hand are filled with brackets or shelves strewn with knick-knacks; the dull uniformity of things is broken up and relieved, the whole house undergoes a change, and, if not in your eyes for the better, it is at least a struggle for the better.

That picture, I care not how small or inferior it may be, is that woman's beginning of an education in the beautiful, and her whole nature is raised and educated by just as much as her mind and sensibilities are turned in that direction.

With this improvement in the appearance of the house comes, as surely as growth follows sunshine and showers, a lifting up of the tone of the man, woman and children living therein, the current of whose thought is thus broadened and deepened. A yielding to the leadings of taste begets an interest in things not belonging to outward adorning. Mind and body are bettered, and thus the shilling lithograph leads not only to the newspaper and magazine but thence to higher intelligence in everything. It is not those alone who have pictures to sell who are most interested in the education of the people in art.

FAIR PLAY.—"I. L. J.," I do not wish to be misunderstood. No one likes fair play better than I do myself, do not wish to express any ill-will towards good, sensible town's people. It is the airy, high-toned persons, who consider themselves far too nice to do honest labor, that I do not respect. Farmers ought to dress better than they do, as a class, when they go out among folks, as you remark. When I go to the village I try to go looking as neat as my business will allow. If I go with a load of wood, of course I do not fix up as much as when I hitch to the buggy and drive out with my wife; but I do not like to look dirty or ragged. I occasionally meet a former acquaintance, who thinks he has got on a little more genteel clothes than I have, who fails to recognize me, because he feels above a farmer. Perhaps the next one is a wealthy business man, and of sense, who very cordially "passes the time of day." He does not feel above speaking to a farmer. There are just as good men in the Democratic as in the Republican party and vice versa; and just so there are as good people in the city and village as on the farm.

But you, of course, have seen some people who thought work was a disgrace. The other day I was asked by a neighbor to bring up a stove that he had purchased in the village, on my return. I went to the place where it was and politely asked a little individual with a twelve months old child if he would assist me in getting it down stairs. He drew himself up, and with a great deal of dignity, replied: "Hardly. That is work I never do." Now, the stove was a light one. I could have easily carried it down alone but for its awkward shape, and the only reason why he would not assist me was because he felt himself "too nice for anything." Who can respect such persons? This is the class that look down on farming and the farmer. No truly sensible person will ever speak slightly of agriculture. I do not believe, "I. L. J.," that town people as a class look down on the farmer. It is those with false ideas of life. Many of the most prominent business men of our thriving village are very closely connected with agriculture; and is it not so all over the country?—F. H. D., Corning, N. Y.

OUT IN IDAHO.—Away out in Idaho, in my little mountain home, four miles to my nearest neighbor, (not from a scarcity of land, as there are 25,000 acres of tillable land between us and Bear river which is patiently waiting for some capitalist with $25,000 to make an immense irrigating canal to conduct water on said land from Bear river, which would be worth four times as much as it is in its present state), my husband, self and baby girl, Dot by name, live cozily and happily together. Our nearest trading point is the fast becoming famous Soda Spa, which is twelve miles from here. This mountain glen is already known as a health and pleasure resort on account of its soda, iron, sulphur, ammonia, and formation springs. The first three, it is said, are a sure cure for those suffering with dyspepsia. The ammonia helps catarrh, and the Formation Spa and various lakes satisfies the eye of pleasure seekers.

To the new comer the general appearance of the town is very disappointing on account of poor looking buildings and roughness of surrounding country, but this does not diminish its wonderful natural curiosities. Although the town is small a dressmaker could get $1 a day and board.—SUNFLOWER, Soda Springs, Oneida County, Idaho.

Inquiries.

Can some one please give, through the BLADE, directions for making a skate bag? —M. H.

Would some one tell me how to clean black velvet? I have a dress too valuable to try any experience myself. Apple juice on it. Also what will take moth from off the face that has been on for twelve years and not injure the skin?—BELLE.

Can any one inform me, through the HOUSEHOLD, where I can learn how to make plumes from white Holland turkey's feathers, or give me the address of some one who knows how? My mother made lovely ones, but as she died when I was quite young, I could not learn how. I am raising the turkeys, and think, if I could but learn how to make the plumes, it would be a very pleasant and also a profitable occupation.—MRS. C. B. A.

I would like to ask if any one can tell me where I can get pomegranate seed. Have written to seed dealers, but can't get them. Had them myself a few years ago, but lost them.

Also, has any one of the many readers of the BLADE got a book called "Queechy," or "The Wide, Wide World?" There are two volumes. I have forgotten the author. I read it many years ago, and am very anxious to read it again, but have no idea where or how I can get it—S. J. LUFKIN, Knoxville, Knox Co., Ill.

Both works are by Miss Wetherell. Any bookseller can get them for you.—ED.

Will some one tell me how to make cooked frosting?—M. F.

Will some one of the HOUSEHOLD please tell me where I can get a pretty, sweet little girl about two or three years old, of good parentage, that is an orphan and wants a home? Our home is childless.—A CONSTANT READER.

Will some one please tell a reader how to make paste, and how to paper a room, and how to make white wash that will not rub off?—CONSTANT READER.

We want to know how to make a callalily mat or a pansy one, or both. Also, please send directions for crocheting lace for infants' shawl in Saxony yarn. One that is made right on the shawl preferred. —MRS. M. W., Croton, Mich.

Will J. P. P., of Scandia, Kas., tell us in the next issue his mode of treating roses and flowers? We are dear lovers of flowers, as he says of himself, and wish to learn how to propagate roses, especially—NELLIE B., Scandia, Kas.

Several months ago there was an article on silk culture in your paper, and the ladies address was given, who would give directions in regard to silk culture. Her residence was then in Philadelphia. You would greatly oblige one of the readers of the BLADE by publishing the address now.—F. W., Marrowville, Mo.

Miss Nellie Lincoln Rossiter, New Lisbon, Burlington Co., N. J.—ED.

I want to know what will remove superfluous hair without injuring the skin. Please give full directions.—C. H.

The directions have been given so many times in the HOUSEHOLD that we shall be obliged to refer you to "Dr. Carlin's Recipe Book," which the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O., sell for $2. Some write of the difficulty of getting sulphuret of barium. Inquire for the sulphide of baryta instead and see if they have not that.—ED.

Will some one please give a recipe for making good pie crust, so that it will be soft when first taken from the oven, and then becomes hard and crisp after standing a short time? Also for the little soft ginger cookies and milk and sweet cookies, such as we buy?—AUNT BETSY

Will the kind lady who sent her English lace pattern in the BLADE please send her address, and will some one send directions for lustra painting?—MRS. MARY MANN, Bloomsburg, Columbia Co., Pa.

I have several pairs of cream-colored hose and wish to color them some dark color. Can any of the sisters of the HOUSEHOLD tell me what to use that will not be poisonous or stain the skin? Will some one please send directions for cleaning white kid gloves? Won't you please explain what boycott means?—MRS. R. L. HEARTLY, Sherbrun, Minn.

Our attention has been called to an error in the HOUSEHOLD which we certainly did not intend to make. It is that we said the 20th century began in 1900. Of course it should have been 1901, and we thank our friends for their reminder.—ED.

Answers to Inquiries.

Tell "Vinet" to sow smilax seed in a pot or box in the house, and keep moist until the young plants appear; pot the young plants into 3-inch pots, when they are three or four inches high. The bulbs should be allowed to dry off once a year and rest. They will start into growth again in about six weeks. They will grow in sunshine or in a partially shaded place, across a window or around a picture.—AUNT SADIE.

I use the "diamond dyes" very successfully in coloring grasses for bouquets. Color your grasses and feathery "weeds" and the everlasting flowers in a variety of colors, and you have a very handsome and inexpensive bouquet. Mine were the admiration of all who saw them.—AUNT SADIE.

Tell "Bridget" that an excellent apple dumpling is made in this way: Take as many nice tart apples as you wish of dumplings, peel, quarter and core them, cover each four quarters with a nice crust made of baking powder biscuit dough, (a lump of butter and sugar in each one is an improvement), place them in a baking-pan, fill half full of boiling water, and bake in a hot oven.—AUNT SADIE.

Some one asked how to cook vegetable oysters. There are several ways. They can be cooked the same as parsnips, but the nicest way is to wash and scrape, cut in inch pieces, boil about ten minutes in weak salt water, drain this water off, add more, and cook until tender. Do not drain, but add milk; salt, pepper and butter to suit the the taste. Serve with crackers and imagine you are getting a first class stew. You certainly will like them this way if you like oysters.—MRS. FRANK DANCE, Lisbon, Ia.

"E. M." can make an excellent mucilage of white glue, by dissolving it in acetic acid in the proportion of one part glue to two parts acid. If desired thinner add more acid; if thicker, more glue. Common glue will answer about as well as white. This is a good substitute for glue prepared in the ordinary way, while it is much more convenient, as it is always ready for use without melting.

Tell "Inquirer" not to think of stuffing birds without first procuring some book on taxidermy, and even then she will find it a difficult task.

"Mary H." may make a success of oil painting without a teacher, but the chances are against her unless she has a natural taste for the fine arts. "Painters, like poets, are born, not made." A beginner should use neither cheap paints nor cheap brushes. It takes a good workman to succeed with poor tools. Winsor and Newton's make of paints are the best, and can be procured at any art store at 10 cents per tube. About 10 tubes will be required. Only the best artists can make a living by painting. ARTIST.

Please tell "Daisy Deane" that I can heartily recommend the "Chautauqua Literary and Scientific" course of reading and study. It is an interesting, delightful and popular course, containing readings in "history, literature, science, art and religion." Address, inclosing stamp, Miss Kate F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J., and receive "handbook" containing full explanations of the course. I am sure she will find great pleasure and profit in holding communion with the good and great of past and present ages, and I hope she will try the course.—ONE OF THE PANZY CLASS.

I wish to tell "H. E." how to make a dusting cap. Cut an oblong 23 inches long and 22 inches wide; pink the edges, or finish in any way you like, and about 1¼ inches from edge draw in a rubber cord. A friend had one made of drab chambrey, with a medallion in white braid on the top, that was very pretty. I think a white one edged with lace would be very dainty for one whose work was light.—BRAMBLE.

Perhaps MRS. Nearing or some one else would like to know how I made my dress-reform waist. Instead of the short sleeve I remodeled it and put in long ones, and made waist and drawers of flannel.

A nice way to knit mittens or children's stockings is to knit on the stitches. First tie a single bowknot in the end of the yarn; put the left needle through that for first stitch; then put right hand needle through and knit it, making the second stitch; slip this one on the left needle, knit and slip each stitch on the left needle till you have the number desired.—ALWAYS BUSY NO. 2.

Some one writes to ask whether there is any reason why a book on "Etiquette," published in '84, should be better than one published in '79. If they differ, presuming that both are equally well written, the later should dictate, as each year brings some changes in social observances, and what was etiquette five years ago may not be today.

In sending an invitation out of the city, two envelopes should be used, the inside one containing the note or card, left unsealed, and addressed with the name only of the person or persons to whom it is going. The outside envelope in which this is enclosed should, of course, be sealed and addressed the same as a letter.—ED.

Recipes.

Baked Apple Dumplings.—"Bridget" asks for a recipe for making apple dumplings. Here is a nice baked one: Butter the size of an egg; 1 egg, beat together, adding a little salt, one cupful of sweet milk, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder in flour enough to make rather a thick batter, grease a pie tin, pare and slice the apples thin into it till nearly full, put the batter over it smoothly, and bake. To be eaten with molasses or pudding sauce. A nice apple dumpling may also be made from this recipe by leaving out the egg and half the butter, and using part warm water with the milk. It looks and tastes the same as the above, but is not as nourishing. When baked, turn a large plate upside down on the top of it and turn the tin and plate over together and it turns out nicely in this way.—JAY.

Cream Pie.—For the crust just take sour cream and soda enough for two crusts; mix soft like biscuit; roll bottom crust not very thin, sprinkle on a little flour, then sugar, then place one layer of thick sour cream, be careful and not get any milk into them a little more sugar, then flour and a little nutmeg and then top crust. To be eaten while warm. If any one tries this please let me hear how they like it.—MISS CAL HINTON, Box 39, Camp Douglas, Wis.

Remedy for Bunions.—Medical authority tells us that a bunion is a partial dislocation of the joint, which is usually caused by tight pressure of the shoe. We must, in the first place, remove the cause. Here is my method. Cut five or six slits an inch and a half in length lengthwise the shoe, to give the bunion more room, then paint it once a day well with iodine. All then that is required is patience.—D. L. V.

Washington Pie.—One and a half cupfuls sugar; ½ cupful butter; 3 eggs; ⅝ cupful milk; 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder; 2½ cupfuls flour.

Jelly.—One cupful sugar; the grated rind and juice of one lemon; 2 large apples, pealed and grated; then put on the stove and let come to a jelly. When cool, add the yolk of an egg, and then frost the top.

Will some kind reader of the BLADE tell me what "tredle" and "tr" mean in crochet. —AUNT ALICE.

Our Young Folks.

SO FUNNY!

I've heard something, children—I can't think
'tis true.
It does make me laugh so! Oh, what shall I do?
For I want to begin it
And tell it this minute,
This funny old story of Hohumgoloo,
The far, unknown country of Hohumgoloo,
Yes, of Hohumgoloo.

In Hohumgo—ha, ha, ha, ha! Do just wait
Till I can stop laughing. There! now I will
state
Some curious ways
Of their washing days;
Pray who would not laugh such a tale to relate?
Such a comical washing-day tale to relate,
Yes, such a tale to relate?

Now! In Hohumgaloo there's no separate
scrub
Of a child and its garments, but into the tub
Go the children all drest,
For this is thought best,
As a saving of time and a saving of rub;
One washing of both is a saving of rub,
Yes, a saving of rub.

And then—now remember the story's not mine—
And then—ha, ha, ha! when the weather is fine,
They're wrung out of the suds,
Each child in its duds,
And hung up to dry out of doors on the line!
Two clothes-pins to each, out of doors, on the
line!
Yes, out of doors on the line.

Oh, I knew you would laugh when I told you the
whole,
To think of them stringing from pole to pole;
Ha, ha, ha! He, he, he!
You're all laughing with me,
I knew you would do so, the thing is so droll!
We will giggle together, the thing is so droll,
Yes, the thing is so droll.
—*Wide Awake.*

For the Blade Young Folks.

HOW BENNY RAN AWAY.

BY L. H.

It was cold and rainy that morning, the morning that Benny ran away, and this was how it happened,

Benny and his mother lived at Dr. Grey's, and the doctor's little boy, Charlie, and Benny were great friends, but this particular morning there had been a quarrel, and Benny went off to the barn, if the truth must be told, sulking and resolving to play with Charlie—well, not for a long time, not before dinner, at least.

But it was cold at the barn and he soon started for the house. Now, he had been up on the hay-mow while he was at the barn, and so started for the house covered with dust. It rained on him, and he got his feet muddy and, altogether, it was a rather dirty looking Benny that walked into the sitting room and up to the stove. Charlie curled up in a big chair with a picture book, looked up, saw him, laughed at him, pointed his finger at him and said, "Shame! dirty boy," which made Benny very angry.

Benny's mother was very neat, and coming in just then and seeing how dirty he looked, scolded, and tried to make him look somewhat cleaner. But Benny didn't like to have his face washed at any time, and this morning he was so very cross, and made so much fuss and noise that the doctor, sitting by the window studying, after looking up sternly once or twice, rose, set Benny gently outside the door saying: "There! stay there until you can come in and be quiet." Oh! how angry Benny was. He ran to the barn and walked around the floor for a long time. How shamefully he was used—what should he do—how mean Charlie was to laugh at him—and the doctor had treated him still worse—what made his mother stay there—he wouldn't any longer—Mrs. Grey, too, she was kinder to him than any of the rest, but she always made him go to bed at 8 o'clock—he would run away, and then maybe they would be sorry—where should he go,—perhaps he had better go down South—that gentleman visiting at the doctor's the other day said it was always warm there. Benny had heart him say to the doctor; "To one who has never visited the South, it is truly surprising the difference in climate one finds starting from here some night and traveling until some time the next day." Well, Benny thought he could stand it to travel one night and part of the next day—he would go at once, so off he started. He heard Charlie calling him as he started but he only ran the harder. He went across the fields most of the time, for he was afraid of so many people and teams.

In the afternoon he began to get rather hungry. But about 4 o'clock he met a little girl coming from school. She called to him, talked to him, and gave him what was left in her lunch basket. She tried to coax him home with her, but he would not go. He found a barn standing in the middle of a field and slept there that night, nestled down between some hay and straw.

It was late when he woke up the next morning, for he had got very tired the day before. His supper had been rather light, and he felt terribly hungry. Where was he to get his breakfast? Perhaps if he stopped at the next house they might give him something to eat; he would try. But here he received a terrible fright. He was scarcely outside the gate when a big boy coming out of the house, saw him, and cried, "What are you doing around here? Clear out! We don't want you! Towser, here Towser!" Benny ran away before he had got half through, but he heard the dog barking and expected to be overtaken every minute. But the boy, evidently satisfied, called the dog back and went off in the opposite direction whistling.

Poor little Benny. He had been so frightened and ran so fast he thought his heart was surely coming out of his mouth. As soon as he dared he stopped to rest, down by a bank and some bushes where he was sheltered from the wind, for it was growing colder.

It seemed to him as though he had not rested at all before he heard the sound of wheels coming down the hill beyond. He crept around to the other side of the bushes and lay peeping out. It was Dr. Grey. Oh dear! would he see him—was he looking after him? He thought he had got so far that the doctor could never overtake him, but in reality it was only a few miles from the village house, although it seemed such a distance to Benny—he wished he knew how his mother and Charlie and Mrs. Grey were —the doctor is looking in this direction —will he see me? Evidently he did not, for he drove right on, and after a while Benny started out once more.

He must have something to eat. About noon he saw a house that appeared to have no one around. He ventured into the yard after a time, and found a piece of bread and a cold potato by the kitchen door.

Benny was too hungry to be very particular, but he couldn't help thinking of the nice bread and milk Mrs. Grey gave him.

The snow was beginning to fly and it was growing so cold. Benny thought that he must find a place to sleep, early. How cold he was, how tired he was and how hungry he was. He wondered how much farther he would have to go to reach "down South,"

The barn at which he stopped that night was old and dilapidated. The snow sifted through wide crevices over the hay mow.

Dr. Grey's horses were very gentle, and he had often gone up in the stall beside them and laid down. It would have been much warmer than on the mow that night, but those were strange horses and one of them kicked at him that night as he passed through the stable, so Benny dared not attempt to get very near.

He came down from the mow all covered with snow the next morning. A pail of milk was standing on the barn floor, where the farmer had left it for a few minutes while he gave the cattle some fodder.

Benny stole a drink, and hurried away.

He was much discouraged; he was so hungry, he was "just starving," he thought; he had frozen one ear the night before and and he didn't seem to get "down South," where it was "always warm;" it had grown colder ever since he started from the doctor's.

The result of his meditations you will see when I tell you that just one week from the time he ran away, he was seen to walk up the gravel path leading to Dr. Grey's sitting-room door.

He was ashamed to go in. What would Charlie say, he looked worse than he ever did before!

He sat on the step for a minute or two and then began to cry piteously. The doctor himself opened the door. "Oh! ho!" was all he said as Benny walked past him into the house. Charlie jumped up from the hearth rug, and hugged him, crying: "Why, Benny, where have you been? I thought I had lost you," and then hugged him again. His mother came running to meet him and commenced purring loudly, and walked up to Dr. Grey, who stooped and patted her, then she sat down by the stove and called Benny and began to wash his face, just as she did a week before, and Benny submitted without any fuss this time. Soon Mrs. Grey came in. She petted him and then brought him a saucer of milk. Oh! how good it tasted, and he was so glad to get back. There wasn't a happier kitten in the world than Benny that day.

THE HAMPSHIRE HILLS.

One afternoon many years ago two little brothers named Seth and Abner were playing in the orchard. They were not troubled with the heat of the August day, for a soft, cool wind came up from the river in the valley over yonder and fanned their red cheeks and played all kinds of pranks with their tangled curls. All about them was the hum of bees, the song of birds, the smell of clover, and the merry music of the cricket. Their little dog Fido chased them through the high, waving grass, and rolled with them under the trees, and barked himself hoarse in his attempt to keep pace with their laughter. Wearied at length, they lay beneath the bell-flower tree and looked off at the Hampshire hills and wondered if the time would ever come when they should go out into the world beyond those hills and be great, noisy men. Fido did not understand it at all. He lolled in the grass, cooling his tongue on the clover bloom and puzzling his brain to know why his little masters were so quiet all at once.

"I wish I were a man," said Abner, ruefully. "I want to be somebody and do something. It is very hard to be a little boy so long and to have no companions but little boys and girls, to see nothing but these same old trees and this high grass, and to hear nothing but the same bird songs from one day to another."

"That is true," said Seth. "I, too, am very tired of being a little boy, and I long to go out into the world and be a man like my grandpa or my father or my uncles. With nothing to look at but those distant hills and the river in the valley, my eyes are wearied and I shall be very happy when I am big enough to leave this stupid place."

Had Fido understood their words he would have reproved them, for the little dog loved his home and had no thought of any other pleasure than romping through the orchard and playing with his little masters all the day. But Fido did not understand them.

The clover bloom heard them with sadness. Had they but listened in turn they would have heard the clover saying, softly: "Stay with me while you may, little boys; trample me with your merry feet; let me feel the imprint of your curly heads and kiss the sunburn on your little cheeks. Love me while you may, for when you go away you never will come back."

The bellflower tree heard them, too, and she waved her great, strong branches as if she would caress the impatient little lads, and she whispered: "Do not think of leaving me—you are children and you know nothing of the world beyond those distant hills. It is full of trouble and care and sorrow; abide here in this quiet spot till you are prepared to meet the vexations of that outer world. We are for *you*—we trees and grass and birds and bees and flowers. Abide with us, and learn the wisdom we teach."

The cricket in the raspberry hedge heard them, and she chirped, oh! so sadly: "You will go out into the world and leave us and never think of us again till it is too late to return. Open your ears, little boys, and hear my song of contentment."

So spake the clover bloom and the bellflower tree and the cricket, and in like manner the robin that nested in the linden over yonder, and the big bumble bee that lived in a hole under the pasture gate, and the butterfly and the wild rose pleaded with them—each in his own way—but the little boys did not heed them, no longer were their desires to go into and mingle with the great world beyond those distant hills.

Many years went by, and at last Seth and Abner grew to manhood, and the time was come when they were to go into the world and be brave, strong men. Fido had been dead a long time. They had made him a grave under the bellflower tree—yes, just where he had romped with the two little boys that August afternoon Fido lay sleeping amid the humming of the bees and the perfume of the clover. But Seth and Abner did not think of Fido now, nor did they give even a passing thought to any of their old friends—the bellflower tree, the clover, the cricket, and the robin. Their hearts beat with exultation. They were men, and they were going beyond the hills to know and try the world.

They were equipped for that struggle, not in a vain, frivolous way, but as good and brave young men should be. A gentle mother had counseled them, a prudent father had advised them, and they had gathered from the sweet things of nature much of that wisdom before which all knowledge is as nothing. So they were fortified. They went beyond the hills and came into the West. How great and busy was the world —how great and busy it was here in the West! What a rush and noise and turmoil and seething and surging, and how keenly did the brothers have to watch and struggle for vantage ground. Still, they were prospered in the counsel of the mother, the advice of the father, the wisdom of the flowers and trees, were much to them, and they prospered. Honor and riches came to them and they were happy. But amid it all they never thought of the little home

LOSS AND GAIN.

CHAPTER I.

"I was taken sick a year ago
With bilious fever."

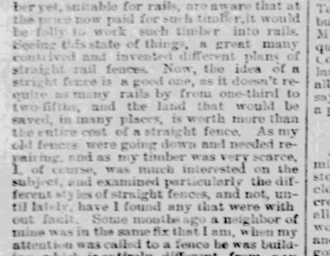
"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I
Could not move!
I shrunk
From 228 lbs to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles, I am not only as sound as a sovereign, but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life." R. FITZPATRICK. *Dublin, June 6, '81.*

CHAPTER II.

"Malden, Mass., Feb. 1, 1880. Gentlemen—I suffered with attacks of sick headache,"
Neuralgia, female trouble, for years, in the most terrible and excruciating manner. No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure, until I used Hop Bitters.
"The first bottle
Nearly cured me,"
The second made me as well and strong as when a child,
"And I have been so to this day."
My husband was an invalid for twenty years with a serious
"Kidney, liver and urinary complaint,
"Pronounced by Boston's best physicians—
"Incurable!"
Seven bottles of your Bitters cured him, and I know of the
"Lives of eight persons"
In my neighborhood that have been saved by your Bitters.
And many more are using them with great benefit.
"They almost
Do miracles!" —*Mrs. E. D. Slack.*

How to our Sick.—Expose yourself day and night, eat too much without exercise; work too hard, worry too much; do not take all the time, take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know *how to get well*, which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!

Be sure genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, Poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.



LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND
IS A POSITIVE CURE

For all of those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.

IT WILL CURE ENTIRELY THE WORST FORM OF FEMALE COMPLAINTS, ALL OVARIAN TROUBLES, INFLAMMATION AND ULCERATION. FALLING AND DISPLACEMENTS, AND THE CONSEQUENT SPINAL WEAKNESS, AND IS PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO THE CHANGE OF LIFE.

IT WILL DISSOLVE AND EXPEL TUMORS FROM THE UTERUS IN AN EARLY STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT. THE TENDENCY TO CANCEROUS HUMORS THERE IS CHECKED VERY SPEEDILY BY ITS USE.

IT REMOVES FAINTNESS, FLATULENCY, DESTROYS ALL CRAVING FOR STIMULANTS, AND RELIEVES WEAKNESS OF THE STOMACH. IT CURES BLOATING, HEADACHES, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, GENERAL DEBILITY, SLEEPLESSNESS, DEPRESSION AND INDIGESTION.

THAT FEELING OF BEARING DOWN, CAUSING PAIN, WEIGHT AND BACKACHE, IS ALWAYS PERMANENTLY CURED BY ITS USE.

IT WILL AT ALL TIMES AND UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES ACT IN HARMONY WITH THE LAWS THAT GOVERN THE FEMALE SYSTEM.

FOR THE PURPOSE IS SOLELY FOR THE LEGITIMATE RELIEVING OF SUFFERING WOMEN IN THE PANGS, AND THAT IT DOES ALL IT CLAIMS TO DO, THOUSANDS OF LIVING CAN GLADLY TESTIFY.

FOR THE CURE OF KIDNEY COMPLAINTS IN EITHER SEX THIS REMEDY IS UNSURPASSED.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of Lozenges, on receipt of price as above. Mrs. Pinkham's "Guide to Health" will be mailed free to any lady who writes for it. Send for pamphlet. No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box.

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions and we will also be glad to receive communications on agricultural topics. A brief essay reports, etc. Communications should be written legibly, and on one side of the sheet, and be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

Old Rail Fences.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

Of late, I have read with interest, several communications from farmers, (in the columns of the Farm Department of this paper,) concerning "old rail fences" and straight fences. Now as farmers, we are aware, that our old fashioned worm rail fences must be repaired in some way, as is the case with many of us, our timber is getting scarce, and those of us who have timber yet, suitable for rails, are aware that at the present time of year such timber, it would be folly to work such timber into rails. Seeing this state of things, a great many contrived and invented different plans of straight rail fences. Now, the idea of a straight fence is a good one, as it doesn't require as many rails by from one-third to two-fifths, and the land that would be saved, in many places, is worth more than the entire cost of a straight fence. As my old fences were going down and needed repairing, and as my timber was very scarce, I, of course, was much interested on the subject, and examined particularly the different styles of straight fences, and not, until lately, have I found any that were without fault. Some months ago a neighbor of mine was in the same fix that I am, when my attention was called to a fence he was building, which is entirely different from any that I had seen. The plan is the best that it has been my good fortune to have any knowledge of. Mr. Davis's fences were in bad condition, almost rotted down in places. He rebuilt his entire outside fences in that way, and had plenty of good sound rails left, and this spring I am going to repair several hundred rods of my old rail fences in that way, as it is the cheapest, and by far the most durable. Though I had bought a farm right for another kind of a straight fence, I had not used it, till I saw this, and now I never will. I will try to give you an idea of this style of straight fence. The fence rests on a cross piece or ground chunk, split out, about 5½ feet long. There are two stakes at each corner, or panel (not drove in the ground) one on each side at the end of each panel. The stakes are bored to the rails at the lower ends, by a wire (the wire used is No 10 galvanized) it is put around the stakes just over the bottom rails, cut off, and ends twisted together, then the stakes are settled down as far as they will go, with an ax, they will not yield more than an inch or so, the wire draws tight and prevents them from settling ever afterward, even when the lower end of the stakes have rotted off. When the fence is three rails high the fourth rail and a wire have been put on the same time, by first laying one end of the rail down, between stakes on the fence, and other end raised up to an angle of about 45 degrees and resting in a light fork provided for the purpose, which is about seven feet long, then one end of the wire is twisted around one end of ground chunk, then bring up and over end of rail and stake, then under rail and around and back again over end of rail and down to and around other end of ground chunk, cut off and twist it tight, then take the fork, or prop, away and you have a lever of the fourth rail to tighten the brace wire; pull other end of rail down to its place, and so on; when the rail is pulled down it draws the wire brace tighter than a fiddle-string, the wire sinks more than the depth of itself in the stake and rail, and being galvanized, will never rust, and cannot get loose or out of order. This is the cheapest and most effectual brace I ever saw, costs about two cents per panel. Then lay next rail, and then put a tie wire around the stakes, eight or ten inches above the upper rail, and lay the top rail, which rests on the upper tie wire; this wire binds the stakes together at the top, and prevents the top rail from slipping down, and thus you can make the space under the top rail any desired width. This fence requires six rails to the panel, but is as high as an eight-rail fence the old way.

And now in conclusion I would say to those that are in the same boat that I am, or was, examine this fence before building or repairing any this spring. This fence has stood the test, where other straight fences have blown over; it stands firm, where others have swagged and are going down endways, and, besides, it is the nicest, neatest looking fence that can be made of rails, and with all, is the fence for farmers to build. Mr. Davis told me that the wire cost him for 160 rods about $8. Two men can build from 20 to 30 rods per day.—WM. DRAPER, Indiana.

Acorns as Stock Food.

Although we have long been accustomed to allowing hogs to feed on "mast," yet developments prove that, with cattle, acorns sometimes are injurious. Animals, when first put on pasture where the supply of acorns is large, often gorge themselves with fruit of which they are extremely fond, and suffer from constipation, and sometimes fatal obstruction in the digestive canal, caused by the collection of half-digested acorns in a hard mass. In cattle such collections have been found in the third stomach, forming hard cakes between the leaves of the viscus, completely blocking up the passage. But these conditions have nothing to do with the genuine acorn disease, which is no indigestion from excess of food nor impactment of undigested material, but a blood disease of a very pronounced type, developed after the acorns have been perfectly digested, often, indeed, exhibiting the most characteristic lesions when all traces of the food have been lost. Usually it is observed that symptoms of acorn poisoning do not appear until the animals have been feeding on the seeds for some time, and the first indication is dullness and loss of appetite; in fact, the beast entirely refuses the food of which it was just before so fond. The cattle affected stand from the rest, with the head hanging down, the coat staring, the eyes sunken; there is discharge, sometimes, of a very watery character, sometimes of mucus from the eyes and nostrils. Constipation is present in some cases in the early stage, but generally, as the disease advances, diarrhœa sets in, and the discharged fluid is black, thin, fœtid, often mixed with blood. When the sick animal is forced to move, it utters a peculiar grunt expressive of pain. Treatment of the disease has not been successful, and, indeed, when the symptoms are fairly developed, it is certain that important changes have already occurred in the blood, from which there is very little chance of recovery. It would be a wise proceeding, however, to give all the apparently healthy animals a purgative of castor oil or linseed oil, and, of course, prevent them from eating any more acorns.

Cure for Hog Cholera.

As this disease is making much trouble and loss in this state at this time, I thought perhaps it would not be out of place for me to state through your valuable paper the result of an experiment made in the last year, and coming to the present time.

In 1883 we had on our farm about 70 hogs, weighing from 80 pounds to 200 pounds, live weight. In the month of September they commenced to show unmistakable evidence of the disease, and as a result about 50 per cent. died, and this after prescribing all the known remedies that could be heard of.

With this experience I was the better prepared for the return of the disease the next year. We commenced the season of 1884 with 27 shoats weighing about 100 pounds each, divided into five different pens. In the month of August the disease appeared again in its most violent form; in a pen of seven, one was found dead, and two more were unable to walk or eat.

The symptoms were all of the cholera character. I immediately gave 20 drops of carbolic acid to each hog and continued this twice daily for two days. The sick ones recovered and no more was seen of the trouble until October, when in another pen one was taken sick, followed immediately by three more. The same remedy was again resorted to and all recovered but one. From that time until all were butchered no more was seen of the disease, but an occasional use of the carbolic acid was had a preventive.

This winter, with a lot of seventeen, using no preventive, the disease again made its appearance, but was immediately stopped by the same remedy.

For a well-grown hog I would give 20 drops; for one of less size I would give less, using it also occasionally as a deodorizer about the trough and pen.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

A Study of American Wheats.

A chemical investigation of the wheats of the country has been going on for two years in the laboratory of the department of Agriculture, Washington. Such results have been obtained that Mr. Clifford Richardson, the chemist, feels justified in giving publicity to them. From very elaborate tables showing the analyses of a great variety of wheats from all parts of the country these deductions are made. The main failing of American wheats is their deficiency in albuminoids. The highest percentage of albuminoids found by Prof. Richardson was 17.15, in a Minnesota wheat. Russian wheats have been shown to contain 19.50 per cent. The albuminoids are regarded as the most valuable part of the grain. Prof. Richardson says it is difficult to explain for what reason American wheats contain so much less water than is given in the foreign averages, but he has never seen a sample which contained so much as the average given by the chemist Wolff for German wheat. He concludes that the hotter and drier summers of America may afford the explanation. A comparison of the samples analyzed shows that the wheat of the Eastern states is the poorest raised, falling below the average in albuminoids, in ash and in size. The improvement is gradual and regular until the Pacific Slope is reached, where there is a decided falling off in quality. The best wheat grows between the Mississippi and the mountains. It has a higher average in oil, albuminoids and ash, the largest grain and of the finest head, although showing large and handsome grains, contain a comparatively low amount of albuminoids.

After crossing the Mississippi the averages show that in Missouri and Kansas wheats are deficient in nitrogen, while Texas produces a grain rich in nitrogen, but injured by too small weight per bu. Minnesota has a much larger grain, not quite so well supplied with nitrogen. It is Colorado which leads in the production of a large grain containg a large amount of albuminoids. That state, Prof. Richardson says, shows what the possibilities are of raising a perfect wheat.

Stock Running Together.

A very common mistake or fault is committed by farmers in permitting all kinds of stock to run together in one yard or enclosure. Horses, colts—which are frisky creatures—bulls, cows, sheep, pigs and fowl all run in one yard or field. The horses worry the colts; the colts chase the cows and sheep; the cows hook the colts; the bulls gore the horses; the pigs worry the cows and sheep, and often destroy the new-born calves and lambs; the fowls and ducks are trampled on and there is a sad time all around. And the farmer says he has bad luck and somehow or other something is always going wrong.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Popularity of Draft Horses.

Draft-horses have increased in popularity during the past year more rapidly than ever before. The importers have large stocks of horses on hand, and while prices are no lower, they are offering a better lot of horses. Already many buyers are wisely making their selections. Many new horses are going into territory where pioneer work has been done. Communities that are largely engaged in breeding draft horses are the most thrifty. The benefits, profits and advantages of breeding draft horses are fully appreciated now by the masses of farmers in most counties in our Western states, and wonderful progress is being made in the improving of our farm horses. As we increase the size, we increase their value.

Tobacco for Pigs.

Last spring there appeared in a Washington periodical a letter from Gen. Clingman, of North Carolina, on the curative properties of tobacco, which attracted considerable attention and has since brought out numerous collaborative statements and incidents. Among these is a statement from Dr. W. S. D. Johnson, of Lewis county, Mo., (described by Congressman Hatch as "an experienced and eminent physician and a large and successful stock raiser and farmer"), who says: "In 1871 I came to this place, bringing with me 115 head of hogs. Hog cholera made its appearance among them, and they commenced dying, and in the course of six or seven weeks I lost 95 head. At this time I killed four on one day, and made post mortem examinations very carefully, and found that these animals were dying from the ravages of other animals—animals within. I made an infusion of tobacco and gave it to my hogs in buttermilk, and they stopped dying, and I have not lost a hog since by cholera. When I suspect the disease I give the tobacco infusion."

Educated and Experienced.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass., who have a thorough knowledge of pharmacy, and many years' practice and experience in the business. It is prepared with the greatest skill and care, under the direction of the men who originated it. Hence Hood's Sarsaparilla may be depended upon as a thoroughly pure, honest and reliable medicine.

Cleveland County.

The Arkansas Senate unanimously passed a bill changing the name of Dorsey county to Cleveland county, in honor of Pres. Cleveland. The county was originally named for Sen. S. W. Dorsey.

News of the Week.

CLEVELAND'S INAUGURAL.

Following is the inaugural address of Pres. Grover Cleveland:

FELLOW CITIZENS—In the presence of this vast assemblage of my countrymen, I am about to supplement and seal by the oath which I shall take the manifestation of the will of a great and free people. In the exercise of their power and right of self-government they have committed to one of their fellow citizens a supreme and sacred trust; and he here consecrates himself to their service. This impressive ceremony adds little to the solemn sense of responsibility with which I contemplate the duty I owe to all the people of the land. Nothing can relieve me from anxiety, lest by any act of mine their interests may suffer; and nothing is needed to strengthen my resolution to engage every faculty and effort in promoting their welfare.

Amid the din of party strife the people's choice was made; but its attendant circumstances have demonstrated a new strength and safety of government by the people. In each succeeding year it more clearly appears that our democratic principle needs no apology, and that in its fearless and faithful application is to be found the surest guarantee of good government. But the best results in the operation of a government wherein every citizen has a share, largely depend upon a proper limitation of purely partisan zeal and effort, and a correct appreciation of the time when the heat of the partisan should be merged in the patriotism of citizens.

To-day the executive branch of the government is transferred to new keeping. But this is still the government of all the people, and it should be none the less the object of their affectionate solicitude. At this hour the animosities of political strife, the bitterness of partisan defeat and the exultation of partisan triumph, should be supplanted by an ungrudging acquiescence in the popular will, and a sober, conscientious concern for the general weal. Moreover, if from this hour we cheerfully and honestly abandon all sectional prejudicies and distrust, and determine, with manly confidence in one another, to work out harmoniously the achievements of our national destiny, we shall deserve to realize all the benefits which our happy form of government can bestow.

On this auspicious occasion we may well renew the pledge of our devotion to the constitution, which, launched by the founders of the republic, and consecrated by their prayers and patriotic devotion, has for almost a century borne the hopes and aspirations of a great people through prosperity and peace, and through the shock of foreign conflicts and the perils of domestic strife and violence. By the father of his country our constitution was commended for adoption as "the result of a spirit of amity and mutual concession." In that same spirit it should be administered, in order to promote the lasting welfare of the country, and to secure the full measure of its priceless benefits to us and to those who will succeed to the blessings of our national life.

The large variety of diverse and competing interests subject to federal control, so persistently seeking the recognition of their claims, need give us no fear that "the greatest good to the greatest number" will fail to be accomplished, if, in the halls of national legislation, that spirit of unity and mutual concession shall prevail in which the constitution had its birth. If this involves the surrender or postponement of private interests and the abandonment of local advantages, compensation will be found in the assurance that thus the common interest is subserved and the general welfare advanced.

In the discharge of my official duty I shall endeavor to be guided by a just and unstrained construction of the constitution, a careful observance of the distinction between the powers granted to the federal government and those reserved to the states, or to the people, and by a cautious appreciation of those functions which, by the constitution and laws, have been especially assigned to the executive branch of the government.

But he who takes the oath to-day to preserve, protect and defend the constitution of the United States, only assumes the solemn obligation which every patriotic citizen, on the farm, in the workshop, in the busy marts of trade, and everywhere, should share with him. The constitution, which prescribes his oath, my countrymen, is yours; the government you have chosen him to administer for a time is yours; the suffrage which executes this high trust is yours; the laws and the entire scheme of our civil rule, from the town meeting to the state capitols and the National Capitol, is yours. Your every voter, as surely as your Chief Magistrate, under the same high sanction, though in a different sphere, exercises a public trust. Nor is this all. Every citizen owes to the country vigilant watch and close scrutiny of his public servants and a fair and reasonable estimate of their fidelity and usefulness. This is the people's will, impressed upon the whole framework of our civil polity—municipal, state and federal—and this is the price of our liberty and the inspiration of our faith in the Republic.

It is the duty of those serving the people in public place to closely limit public expenditures to the actual needs of the service, economically administered; because this bounds the right of the government to exact tribute from the earnings of labor or the property of citizens; and because public extravagance begets extravagance among the people. We should never be ashamed of the simplicity and prudential economies which are best suited to the operation of a republican form of government, and most compatible with the mission of the American people. Those who are selected for a limited time to manage public affairs are still of the people, and may do much by their example to encourage, consistently with the dignity of their official functions, that plain way of life which among their fellow citizens aids integrity and promotes thrift and prosperity.

The needs of our institutions, the needs of our people, their home life, and the attention which is demanded for the settlement and development of the resources of our vast territory, dictate the scrupulous avoidance of any departure from that foreign policy commended by the history, the tradition and the prosperity of our republic. It is the policy of independence, favored by our position and defended by our known love of justice and by our power. It is the policy of peace, suitable to our interests. It is the policy of neutrality, rejecting any share in foreign broils and ambitions upon other continents, and repelling their intrusion here. It is the policy of Monroe, and Washington, and Jefferson "Peace, commerce and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none."

A due regard for the interest and prosperity of all people demand that our finances shall be established upon such a sound and sensible basis as shall secure the safety and confidence of business interests, and make the way of labor sure and steady; and that our system of revenue shall be so adjusted as to relieve the people from unnecessary taxation, having a due regard to the interests of capital invested and workingmen employed in American industries, and preventing the accumulation of a surplus in the treasury to tempt extravagance and waste.

Care for the property of the nation and for the needs of future settlers require that the public domain should be protected from purloining schemes and unlawful occupation. The conscience of the people demands that the Indians within our bounds aries shall be fairly and honestly treated as wards of the government, and their education and civilization promoted with a view to their ultimate citizenship; and that polyamy in the territories, destructive of the family relation and offensive to the moral sense of the civilized world, shall be repressed.

The laws should be rigidly enforced which prohibits the immigration of a servile class to compete with American labor, with no intention of acquiring citizenship, and bringing with them the retaining habits and customs so repugnant to our civilization.

The people demand reform in the administration of the government, and the application of business principles to public affairs. As a means to this end, civil service reform should be in good faith enforced. Our citizens have the right to protection from the incompetency of public employees who hold their places solely as the reward of partisan service, and from the corrupting influence of those who promise, and the vicious methods of those who expect such reward; and those who worthily seek employment have a right to insist that merit and competency shall be recognized, instead of party subserviency or the surrender of honest political belief in the administration of a government pledged to do equal and exact justice to all men.

There should be no pretext for anxiety touching the protection of the freedmen in their rights or their security in the enjoyment of their privileges under the constitution and its amendments. All discussion as to their fitness for the place accorded to them as American citizens is idle and unprofitable, except as it suggests the necessity for their improvement. The fact that they are citizens entitles them to all the rights due to the relation, and charges them with all its duties, obligations and responsibilities.

These topics and the constant and ever changing wants of an active and enterprising population, may well receive the attention and the patriotic endeavor of all who make and execute the federal law. Our duties are practical, and call for industrious application in an intelligent interpretation of the claims of public office, and above all, a firm determination by united action to secure to all the people of the land the full benefits of the best form of government ever vouchsafed to man.

Let us not trust to human wisdom alone, but humbly acknowledge the power and goodness of Almighty God who presides over the destiny of nations, and who has at all times been revealed in our country's history. Let us invoke His aid and His blessing upon our labors.

THE INAUGURATION.

Magnificent Decorations.

The building at the corner of Twelfth and Pennsylvania avenue, occupied by the pension bureau, was perhaps the most elaborately decorated structure in the city, and the decorations were at once pleasing and unique. Long lines of streamers were suspended between the flag staffs on the roof; just below on either side of the building an immense golden eagle clutched long lines of red, white and blue bunting which were artistically woven into a vast network covering the entire building. At the intersection of the lines of bunting shone stars of gold, and framing the whole design were handsome shields bearing the names of the states of the Union, all linked together with gilt chains.

At the second story slender staffs bore graceful bricolored standards with the names of the various Presidents of the United States.

The west front of the building represented the legislative branch of the government. A mammoth picture of the capitol was flanked by a great Roman fasces, and above all colossal heralds sounded paetents.

At the corner of the building the Goddess of Liberty, armed with sword and shield, represented the executive branch of the government. An eagle bearing a national shield surmounted the figure, and an excellent oil portrait of heroic size of the President-elect was suspended above a shield, bearing the name of New York state.

On the south face of the building, Justice, blindfolded, with sword and scales, represented the judiciary. Altogether the effect was very pleasing.

All government buildings, hotels and private houses were profusely decorated, and everybody seemed to be in a good humor.

A Good Natured Crowd.

The crowd was something unprecedented, even in this city, long used to receive the outpourings of the nation's population. Men, women and children pushed and elbowed in the vast throng; yet it was a good natured crowd, and evidently disposed to do justice to the occasion. It was willing and anxious to be amused, and plucked fun from the slightest incidents, as, for instance, when an unhappy looking individual passed up the avenue in his shirt sleeves, pushing a wheel-barrow, in which reclined, with a self satisfied air, another person bearing a flag, shouts of laughter and all sorts of jibes and quirks greeted the equipage on its travels.

The Scene in the Senate.

A little before 11 o'clock the doors of the President's gallery were thrown open and people entitled to admission were escorted in. Among them were Miss Cleveland and Mrs. Hoyt, sisters of the President-elect; Rev. W. A. Cleveland and wife and their two sons; Mr. Hastings, nephew of the President-elect; Miss Hastings, Miss Nellie Yeomans and Miss Anna Yeomans, nieces of the President-elect; Mr. and Mrs. Bacon, of Toledo, and Col. and Mrs. Lamont. The blue tapestried seats of the diplomatic gallery remained the longest vacant, but they too were filled by 11:15.

A quorum of Senators having arrived, the business of the Senate was proceeded with.

When the announcement of the passage of the Grant retirement bill, and the reception of the President's message nominating Gen. Grant to the newly created vacancy was made, the applause, which was heartily and prolonged, was not suppressed by Mr. Edmunds.

The arrival of the diplomatic corps, 50 strong, clad in their uniforms, varying from the silken robes and mandarin caps of the Chinese, to the gorgeous gold bedecked dresses of Europeans, occasioned a suspension of the buzz of conversation for a moment. They entered unannounced, and were escorted to seats in front and upon the right of the chair.

Just before the entry of the members of the Supreme court, arranged in their ample black silk gowns, and preceded by their marshal, the annual act of turning back the hands of the Senate clock was performed by the veteran door-keeper, Capt. Isaac Bassett. The Supreme court justices were placed upon the right front of the chair.

Pres. Arthur was now announced, and his coming was greeted with hand clapping of hands in recognition of which he bowed gracefully to the assemblage. A moment later and the buzz of conversation was again suspended in anticipation of the announcement "The President-elect of the United States." Mr. Cleveland had already entered the hall with his escort, and halted within sight of the assemblage, while his arrival was being announced. Applause, clapping of hands at last, and then cheers, loud and prolonged, welcomed him. Then a stalwart voice in the gallery arose above the din, demanding "Three cheers for Grover Cleveland." This was not held by the assemblage to be in good taste, and Edmunds' proclamation that "Order must be preserved or the galleries will be cleared," was a superfluity.

The Vice-President-elect was now escorted into the chamber, and without delay, but with the solemnity and decorum befitting the occasion, the oath was administered to him by the president protempore.

Edmunds now turned to the front and said:

"SENATORS:—We now close another epoch in the course of the republic under the constitution. This brief period of our national existence has, by the exertion of the co-ordinate forces of national and state systems, brought the experiment of free social and political government to an established and secure triumph. I think I may safely say for us all, that we believe the long years to come in the future of the republic will more and more increase the peace, liberty, order and security of all the people of our country. But perhaps it may not be improper for me to say that, in view of our recent experiences, it may be doubted whether Congress can congratulate itself on being the best example of a legislative body, conducting its business with that deliberate and timely diligence which is the inseparable handmaid of wisdom and justice, as well in the making as in the administration of laws. I think, as all of the large and growing proportions that measures of the greates importance, requiring much time for proper examination and discussion in detail, are brought to our consideration so late that it is not possible to deal with them intelligently, and which we are tempted (over-tempted, I fear) to enact into laws, in the hope that fortune, rather than time, study and reflection, will take care that the republic suffer no detriment. The Chair has heard with deep sensibility of the resolution you have kindly adopted concerning the administration of his duties, and he begs to express sincerely his gratitude for it. If, in the course of the execution of his duties, he has (as sometimes he may have done) wounded the feelings of any senator or officer of the Senate, he can truly say he has not intentionally given offense to any one, and in closing this session of the Senate, he assures every senator, whether retiring or continuing in public duty, that he wishes for him every friendly good wish and hopes that he may long enjoy all the happiness that can be realized by citizen or senator. He now declares the Senate adjourned without day."

Hendricks Takes the Gavel.

Hendricks now took the gavel and called the Senate to order in extra session. Prayer was offered by the chaplain, following which the Vice President made a brief address. The new Senators were sworn in, and after reading the message of the President accepting the Senate, the procession was formed and filed its way toward the platform on the central portico of the Capital. It was in the following order: Marshal of the District of Columbia, and marshals of the Supreme court, ex-presidents and ex-vice-presidents, the Supreme courts, sergeant-at-arms of the Senate, committee of Arrangements, the President and President-elect, acting Vice President and Vice-President elect, secretary of the Senate, members of the Senate, the diplomatic corps, heads of departments, retired generals of the army, lieut. generals of the army, the Admiral of the navy, and officers of the army and navy, who, by name have received the thanks of Congress, members of the House of Representatives and members-elect, Governors and ex-Governors of States, officers of the Senate, and officers of the House, all other persons who have been admitted to the floor of the Senate chamber, followed by those who have been admitted to the galleries.

The Stand

on which the President was to deliver the inaugural address was erected almost on a level with the floors of the Senate and House, and directly in front of the middle entrance to the Capitol. It is the largest ever before erected for an inauguration, and covered by two thousand chairs. These were occupied by senators, members of the diplomatic corps, judges of the Supreme court, members of the House of Representatives, and press representatives.

Before the President left the Senate chamber the crowd in front of the stand had increased until it became one solid mass of humanity for nearly 400 feet to the front of the platform. His presence was the signal for repeated cheers.

Scenes on Pennsylvania Avenue.

The scenes on Pennsylvania avenue almost baffle description. A great surging mass filled the sidewalks. Above them the stately buildings were covered with cloths of gorgeous colors, arranged in patriotic devices. The soft spring-like breeze lazily stirred innumerable flags and streamers and special aids in brilliant uniforms dashed hither and thither, lending animation to the scene. The police regulations were perfect, and the broad avenue, with its hard, smooth surface, was completely cleared of everything that might obstruct the pageant. The United States regular troops came first, thus departing somewhat from the order of the programme, with the probable object of insuring a clear marching space. Their ranks extended clear across the avenue, and presented a most imposing appearance. The United States Marine corps, with its magnificent band, followed the artillery battalions; this section of the procession proceeded as far as the south front of the treasury department, and then halted at parade rest, in order to afford opportunity for the presidential party to fall in line, when the march was resumed.

The President's elegant carriage was preceded by Gen. Slocum, the chief marshal, and his staff and a troop of cavalry. Surrounding the carriage were a dozen mounted policemen. The party received an ovation all along the line of march. Men cheered, women waved their handkerchiefs and clapped their hands, and the greatest enthusiasm was evinced by the immense throng. President-elect Cleveland kept his silk hat in his hand and bowed to the right and left as the carriage rolled slowly along. The same reception was accorded the Vice President-elect, whose carriage followed. Next came the National Democratic committee and the inaugural committee in carriages, followed by the district militia, headed by the Washington light infantry. The marching of this organization, with its usually long front, was almost perfect.

Pres. Cleveland.

Precisely at 12:30 p. m. the head of the procession appeared coming out of the main east door of the capital. Pres. Arthur stepped to the front of the platform, followed by the President-elect, Chief Justice Waite and the sergeant-at-arms of the Senate. All uncovered as they stood facing the crowd, and the vast assemblage cheered again and again for several minutes. When the persons who were to assist at the ceremonies were seated on the platform, Pres.-elect Cleveland began his inaugural address. He was clad in a full suit of black Prince Albert coat, high, old-fashioned standing collar, and black tie. In speaking he held his left hand closed behind him and emphasized his speech by gestures with his right hand. He spoke without manuscript, but occasionally consulted a small piece of paper bearing notes of the heads of his discourse. His voice was clear and resonant, and he slowly enunciated his words, and occasionally turned about at pauses, as if to note the effect of his remarks. When he first began, the crowd applauded whenever he paused to take breath, but after a while contented itself with cheering him, as he made his principal points. His reference to the prohibition of foreign contract labor called out long and loud continued applause, but his allusion to civil service reform met with faint response.

At the conclusion of his inaugural, he turned to the Chief Justice, and bowing to him, said: "I am prepared to take the oath prescribed by law." As the Chief Justice arose to administer the oath the vast assemblage cheered again and again. The President-elect stood facing the Chief Justice, with the crowd upon his right. Chief Clerk McKenney, of the Supreme court, stood just to the side of Cleveland and held the Bible upon which the oath was administered; the President-elect having laid aside his right hand. The Bible used is a small Morocco covered, gilt-edged volume, pretty well worn. It is the Bible which Cleveland's mother gave him when he left home as a young man, and at his special request the committee of arrangements had it in readiness for the ceremony.

The crowd preserved perfect quiet as the impressive ceremony of administering the oath was taking place, but when it was concluded, and as Pres. Cleveland laid down the Bible, after reverently kissing it and shook hands with the Chief Justice, who was first to congratulate him, they cheered loudly and long. Ex-Pres. Arthur was the second man to congratulate the President, and then followed Chief Clerk McKenney and Sen. Sherman.

President Cleveland was then introduced to the remaining judges of the Supreme Court, to Lieut.-Gen. Sheridan and Gen. Hancock.

Fireworks.

The public celebration ended with a display of fireworks. In character it was like all displays of fireworks, but in volume and variety it is said to have excelled any former exhibition on this continent. Withal, it was successful to the minutest detail. The scene of the exhibition was the White lot, an area of two or three hundred acres sloping gently away from the south fronts of the Treasury, Executive Mansion and State department buildings. The crowds began early to find their way toward the spot from every quarter of the city and for an hour or more they waited, commenting meanwhile upon the singular appearance of the monument, a hundred yards beyond the fireworks inclosure. The lower third of the shaft was not visible, but all above was dimly outlined like a ghost against a black sky and reflecting in its peak the lurid electric light of the city, half a mile away. It seemed enormously higher than by day-light, and to not have the slightest relation to terrestial things. When preparations were completed and the display had once begun, the people in charge had the good taste to leave no intermission. Jack o' lanterns danced from place to place about the enclosure, and wherever one paused an explosion followed. Rockets, balloons, mines, fountains, bombs, batteries and shells were sent heavenward in volleys for half an hour, filling the air with showers of fire. The explosions, sometimes half a mile above the earth, took place, and the constellations, numbering thousands of beautifully tinted stars, floated away over the Potomac, borne by a gentle northern breeze.

Three "set pieces" of mammoth proportions were among the last and grandest features of the entertainment. The first was "Jefferson"—there was a fizz and a splutter a mile away as Jack o'lantern touched his torch to the piece and then the mammoth faces in points of white fire encircled by an oval frame in red, with banners in national colors festooned gracefully about it, burst out of the darkness. It glowed for a minute in full brilliancy, then an eye went out with an explosion, followed by a portion of the nose, and last of all the blue stars of the banner. The face of the patron was probably not recognizable to the masses of the spectators, but when the letters of his name beneath were made out his memory was honored in prolonged cheers.

The large piece representing the national capitol, with excellent portraits of the President and Vice President, flanked by mottoes and emblems, was another feature. This piece was 100 feet long by 75 in height, the largest set piece ever fired in America. The flight of 5,000 rockets at once, forming a vast floral bouquet in the heavens, terminated the display.

No estimate of the numbers who witnessed the fireworks would be trustworthy. One felt, as if could not see the throngs. The voluntary dispersion of the multitude, when gathered in the park open on all sides, would seem to be a simple affair and easy enough of accomplishment, but the experience of the evening proved the contrary. Carriages became entangled with each other, and pedestrians wandered about in bewilderment trying to find their way around, through or out of the crushes which occured in a hundred places.

No one was hurt so far as known, but many ludicrous incidents occurred—family parties become separated, wives and husbands were lost to each other and parents found themselves leading children not their own. Calls of one to another in darkness sometimes indicated distress or fear, but the people were for the most exceedingly jolly and laughed at themselves and each other as if it were all a part of the programme.

Boom for Kansas.

Immediately after the display of fireworks, occurred the night parade of the Plumbeau club, of Topeka, Kan. Although this organization is a comparatively small one, numbering only 75 of 100 men, it has perhaps attracted as much attention as any civic or military body which has participated in the inaugural ceremony. Its white, ghostly uniform, its precision in drill and its peculiar hollow torches, whose flames can be blown up into slender quivering plumes of fire feet in height, were all new features in Washington, and were subjects of remark when the club first made its appearance on Peunsylvania avenue.

About 8:30, just as the immense crowd was returning from the exhibition of fire works at the White lot the Plambeaux club came marching in regular open order down Fifteenth street between the Corcoran building and the Treasury department in a perfect tornado of fire, accompanied by an incessant volume of exploding and constant hissing roar of their ascending rockets. Every member of the club had slung over his shoulder a capacious white bag filled with rockets, Roman candles, red and green fire, Catharine wheels, torpedoes, bombs and fireworks of every conceivable description, which were lighted on portable frames or discharged from sheet iron tubes, with such never slackening rapidity as to literally fill the streets with a hurricane of fiery projectiles and a dense cloud of smoke, through which could be only dimly seen the white spectral uniforms of the club.

"The Cap Sheaf"—The Ball.

The brilliant finale of the inauguration ceremonies was the ball. It put the capsheaf of gayety on the more formal and serious though grand ceremonial which preceded it. Beauty lent its aid to crown the triumph of the incoming administration, and amid the light festivities of the ball room the celebration came to a close.

The ball was held in the unfinished new pension building, an immense structure enclosing a rectangular court-yard more than 300 feet long by over 100 feet wide. As the door opens on the interior the eye is dazzled by a sudden blaze of light and color, and the mind is confused by the immensity of the scene revealed to it at a glance. A hall 316 feet long by 116 feet wide, lit by 60 gigantic lights of 500 candle power each, which are suspended from the roof whose peak is lost to sight 90 feet above the floor in a perfect forest of streamers and flags, on whose acres of waxed floor several thousand couples in brilliant toilets are moving about in the beautiful dance, while thousands more circle around on the outskirts in ceaseless promenade, and other thousands look down upon them from the surrounding balconies, is the grand framing work of grandeur, which, bursting suddenly upon one's view, is magnificently bewildering.

The decorations cover the whole interior with the exception of the roof, and this is almost hidden from view by the net work of streamers, flags and bunting. All is brilliant, the coloring tints of the American flag predominates, but are toned down by the contrasting dark green of the natural garlands being festoon and the foliage of tropical plants which are banked about the supports of the roof and in the corners of the hall, and are blended with the rich, dark hues of the velvet hangings, and glossy shine of silk damask draperies.

It was 10:30 when Pres. Cleveland arrived at the ball-room. He was immediately escorted to the President's room where for half an hour he held an informal reception. Mentone's orchestra of 40 pieces, stationed in the gallery, perhaps unheard of by the general public, for the first time assumes great importance. Consequently the daily papers, educating the people with regard to it, and the terms, epithelioma, malignancy and infiltration, will be as well understood as in former times were those of suppuration, pus, track and bullet cysts. As might have been anticipated, under the

the doors reopened, adjourned till to-morrow.

The Chair laid before the Senate a communication from the secretary of state, being notice that he (Bayard) had forwarded to the legislature of Delaware his resignation as Senator; also a communication from the secretary of the interior and attorney general notifying the Senate of their acceptance of cabinet positions, and requesting the president of the Senate to notify the legislatures of their respective states. The credentials of Blair to fill the temporary vacancy, were laid before the Senate and read. Vest moved they be referred to the committee on Privileges and Elections. Lost. Hoar offered a formal resolution, that the oath be administered to the senator from New Hampshire, and Harris asked unanimous consent that it lay over until to-morrow. Granted.

The resolution offered Friday by Van Wyck, making inquiry of the secretary of the Interior in regard to the issuance of patents to the "Backbone" road, was laid before the Senate, and Van Wyck spoke at length.

The "Backbone" Railroad.

In the Senate, Monday, Van Wyck said it was a matter of sincere regret that the last act of the late administration should have been performed at the dictation and in the interest of corporate wealth. He detailing the history of the "Backbone" road and its "mysterious record," which, he said, formed a most remarkable chapter in the railroad annals. Gould and Huntington, he declared, were scheming in this matter, as they were with Scott and the Texas Pacific, using the same tactics and the same influence. They would not consent that Congress should forfeit this grant unless it should at the same time convey it to them. The proposition was so infamous that Congress, though manipulated as Huntington dictates, would not consent. It was claimed there was a special meeting of the cabinet—its last—to legalize this fraud. Did the actual settlers on this land have any advocate there, and were their rights protected? He (Van) secured the settlers their rights, but did the cabinet protect them, or were they turned over to the tender mercies of this corporation?

At the conclusion of Van Wyck's remarks Teller, replying to Van Wyck, said: "Mr. President—My experience in this body has not been as lengthy as that of some that sit before me, but, after something over eight years I have been in public service, I confess to considerable astonishment on the picking up of a resolution so discourteous, so unconstitutional as this to a co-ordinate branch of the government. I suppose it has accomplished the purpose for which it was introduced. It has enabled the mover of this resolution to appear before the public, not for the first time, nor on the first occasion, but on numerous occasions, as a special champion of the laboring classes of the down-trodden people of this country, and as a special opponent to corporations. I presume the senator, in introducing his resolution, expected nothing more. He hardly expected that any department of the government would allow itself to be thus assailed without answering the resolution.

"Before this discussion is closed and on some other occasion, I shall call the attention of the senate to the remarkable character of the transactions coming from this same source that have been directed to the executive department of this government within the last three years. I want to give notice here, and to everybody, that although the administration has passed into the hands of a political party with which I am not affiliated, yet as a Senator, having due respect for the executive department of the government, I never intend, without at least a protest, that that administration shall be treated by this Senator, or any other Senator as the late administration has been treated. Why, Mr. President, if you were to believe all this honorable Senator has said to-day you would suppose that in issuing this patent—a certificate of land—to this company—there has been done something that has never been done before. Every secretary that has sat in the chair of the department of the Interior for years, has done exactly what has been done by the secretary who has just retired.

"During a good portion of the time the honorable senator has been a member either of the House or of the body, he has been a member of the committee on Public Lands, and never, either on that committee or in this body, has he been heard to say a word on this subject. It is in the press, it is where the senator can get credit of being the champion of the down-trodden and oppressed, and the opponent of corporations, that he is heard. When legislation can be had and the interests of the government can be protected—if desirable to protect them—he has been as silent as the grave. There are on the records of the land office millions of acres of land issued under exactly the same situation as that under which this land was issued."

Teller summarized the action of the legislative and executive branches of the government in relation to this road, and continued his reply at great length. At the conclusion of his speech the Senate adjourned.

Receipts and Expenditures.

The receipts for the eight months of th current fiscal year ending with February 28 shows a falling off of nearly $20,000,000, compared with the corresponding eight months of the preceding fiscal year, which is equal to a monthly average reduction of $2,500,000. In customs the falling off was nearly $3,000,000, and in internal revenue over $5,000,000. The following table shows the receipts and expenditures in detail for the eight months ending February, 1884 and 1885 respectively.

RECEIPTS.	1884.	1885.
Customs	$138,945,262	$121,218,703
Internal revenue	53,699,108	42,103,071
Miscellaneous	19,951,728	17,778,469
Total	$210,595,164	$211,096,130
EXPENDITURES.	1884.	1885.
Ordinary	$80,247,917	$104,474,989
Pensions	53,699,108	43,906,975
Interest	29,473,324	36,762,105
Total	$182,107,059	$185,596,770
RECAPITULATION.	1884.	1885.
Recepts	$210,595,164	$211,095,130
Expenditures	182,107,059	185,596,770
Excess of receipts	$28,488,125	$25,498,420

It will be seen by the above figures that the net decrease for the seven months of the current fiscal year was $28,351,705.

The Silver Question.

The silver men here say that the fight on the silver question at the next session of Congress will surpass any contest that can take place on this subject. They say that the bones are already clearly defined, and that the goldbugs having control of the Treasury department will drive silver to the wall if they can.

INDUSTRIAL.

The coal miners at Stelnton, Ill., to the number of 500 or 600, are on a strike against a reduction in wages.

The coal miners at Osceola, Duncan, West Newton and Scott mines, near Pittsburg, have struck for three cents per bushel for mining. About 800 men are idle.

The coal miners' strike, which has been inaugurated in Pittsburg, promises to be the greatest war for wages ever fought by the coal miners in that district. Of 12,000 miners in Pittsburg district it is estimated seven-eighths are out for three cents. The river and railroad miners have joined hands, and are confidently assured by leaders of the movement that their demand will be almost unanimous.

Failures for the last seven days, reported to R. G. Dun & Co., number for the United States 238; Canada, 32; total, 277, as compared with 284 last week. Three-fourths of the casualties are furnished by Western, Southern and Pacific States and Canada.

The indications for a good spring trade among the iron firms of Pittsburg are more favorable. The Juniata, Keystone and Shoenberger's mills have resumed, after being closed down several months. Other firms report orders increasing. The Elliz Iron and Bolt works start up in a few days.

Flour and Wheat Now on Hand.

Aside from the visible supply of wheat, the Cincinnati *Price Current* points out that twelve states which produced 67 per cent. of the wheat crop of last year now have stocks on hand amounting to 110,000,000 bushels, which is equal to 32 per cent. of their aggregate crop of 1884. These states are Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Kentucky, and Tennessee. Based on investigation, estimates for the remaining portion of the country show a total of 52,000,000 bushels, making an aggregate for the whole country of 162,000,000. One year ago the *Price Current* stated the quantity then held at 115,000,000, while the Bureau of Agriculture at Washington estimated the quantity at 119,000,000. Striking an average between the two estimates we have 117,000,000 bushels, which is 45,000,000 bushels less than the estimated quantity now on hand. Reckoning in the visible supply, the entire wheat stock of the country amounts to 205,000,000 bushels, compared with 150,000,000 bushels a year ago. The stock of flour now on hand equals 38,000,000 bushels this year, against 45,000,000 bushels a year ago.

Lamar's Successor.

A dispatch from Vicksburg says Gov. Lowry has appointed Gen. E. C. Walthal to succeed Sen. Lamar as United States Senator.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Egypt.

The garrison of Kassala has had another battle with the Hoddendowas, and have been completely defeated. The Emir writes that unless speedily relieved the garrison will succumb to famine.

Signs of discontent among natives against British rule is increasing. Threats against the life of Stephenson, the English commander, are frequently heard on the streets.

The report that Wolseley has been recalled is denied. His health is improving and eyesight better. When the cantonment of troops is effected, Gen. Wolseley will go on a tour of inspection to the Nile stations between Assouan and Dongola. He has no intention of leaving Egypt.

During the summer the main body of the British troops will remain in camp at Korti, with headquarters at Dongola. Mudir Dongola's army will remain at Merani, with Gen. Buller's contingent. Two movable columns under Gens. Dormer and Brackenbury will be stationed between Debbeh and Handok, in constant readiness for action. The wind now blows like a furnace.

Rebels from Abu Hamed occupy Kienbekan, awaiting the Mahdi's army from Berber, intending to attack the English. Hamdab has asked for reinforcements. Gen. Brackenbury and a portion of his force will proceed to Korti. The force under Gen. Buller will remain at Merawi.

Semi-official advices state that Italy remains in the Red sea literally at her own risk, the powers ignoring her action, for fear of reopening the whole eastern question. The Italian troops sent to the Red sea are reported badly equipped.

Osman Digna has sent a letter to the British general in command at Suakim, recounting Arab successes, announcing the fall of Kassala imminent, and warning the English that they will be defeated and driven into the sea if they venture outside of the city. Osman has also sent a letter to the chief of a friendly tribe of Amaras, now in Suakim, threatening him with death unless he joins the Mahdi's army, and telling him the British are doomed, as 7,000 Abyssinians have arrived to reinforce his (Osman's) army. There is a constant stream of transport steamers arriving at Suakim.

A dispatch from Korti says the rear guard of Gen. Buller's troops arrived at Korti from Gakdul, in a terribly fatigued condition.

Natives arriving at Korti report that the reason for El Mahdi leaving Khartoum is he fears he may be assassinated by some one of his many enemies, jealous of his successes, who would take this mode of doing away with their rival.

Great Britain.

In the Commons, Thursday, Gladstone said public policy forbade his answering questions respecting the Russo-Afghan frontier difficulty. The Marquis of Hartington announced that the government intended to increase the strength of the army.

Lord Edmund Fitz Maurice, under secretary for foreign affairs, said Sir Edward Malet, British ambassador, had exchanged with Germany assurances of neutrality in regard to the Samoan and Tonga islands. The Commons voted £350,000 for extra naval expenses in Egypt, and for the construction of iron cla is.

The recruiting report shows that the British army now numbers 181,000 men.

The total enrolled of volunteers in Great Britain is 250,000. At present there are 215,000 men—the greatest number yet attained.

The Pall Mall *Gazette* states that Lord Derby, Colonial secretary, has invited colonial agents, resident in London, to attend a conference on offers made by the colonies, to furnish the home government with troops for service in the Soudan.

A supplementary official estimate provides for an increase of 3,000 men in military service, and shows the expenses of the Soudan campaign to the end of March to be $3,950,000.

Herbert Bismarck visited the Prince of Wales Friday. He was charged with conveying a special communication, to the effect that Emperor William was desirous of maintaining cordial relations between statesmen of England and Germany. The German embassador had a conference with Granville, and gave assurance that Bismarck was exerting his influence to induce the Russian minister of foreign affairs to agree to the simultaneous withdrawal of Russians and Afghans from the disputed frontier outposts.

The Berlin *German Gazette* says: "The publication by England of private interviews between Malet, English representative at Berlin, and Bismarck, is a striking and regretable indiscretion, and must stop all confidential exchange of views between the two countries. The object of the publication was undoubtedly to make France jealous of Germany, but it failed. The malevolence of England is inexplicable."

Two sisters of Gen. Gordon have declined an offer of a government annuity.

Donations to the Gordon memorial fund to the amount of $1,600 have been received from China, including $1,000 from Li Hung Chang.

The royal arsenals at Woolwich are run full capacity, night and day, to enable them to turn out 2,500,000 cartridges a week.

Russia and England.

A dispatch from Teheran states that the insurgent native chiefs of India have already raised the fiery cross and proclaimed in favor of Russia.

Baron Mohrenheim, Russian ambassador, had an interview with Gladstone to-day, and communicated the contents of a number of important dispatches received from his government regarding the Russo-Afghan frontier question.

The excitement occasioned by the strained relations between Russia and England still continues in London. Consols have fallen ⅝ in consequence.

The *Daily News* states that there is a constant exchange of dispatches between the English and Russian governments. "Although there is a possible hope of a peaceful solution," says the *News*, "the condition of affairs is still more critical. The British government's demands that the Russians retire from the Afghan frontiers, whether put in the form of an ultimatum or not, are final. The rights of peace or war lies in the hands of the Russian statesmen."

Late advices show there can be no doubt that Russia is rapidly concentrating troops in Central Asia. The rapid dislocation or breaking up of smaller settlements and unimportant military posts is progressing, additional guns and men being sent to Central Asia, and batteries and troops are moving in from the Caucasus.

THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN PROBLEM.

The Russo Afghan difficulties became the subject of Cabinet deliberations in London more than a week before the public were aware that a crisis was imminent. The ministry never hesitated what policy to adopt. The moment it was known that Russia was advancing, the Cabinet resolved to advise the Ameer to maintain his position—not to attack the invaders, but to defend his territory if attacked—and gave an equivocal pledge to give aid to maintain the Afghan frontier, and to fulfill every treaty obligation.

Russia was informed of this decision and earnestly invited to withdraw the troops from Zulfikar and Akrobat, where they were considered to threaten Herat. Upon Russia declining to do so, further orders were dispatched to India, and large measures of military precaution were taken at home and abroad, including an increase of the army by from 10,000 to 12,000 men. Russia was distinctly informed that England considered the places recently seized as within Afghan territory.

Lord Kimberley's statement to this effect in the House of Lords on Wednesday, added to the difficulty of negotiating on any other basis than Russian retreat. It is now believed, however, that an arrangement is probable. The cabinet perhaps surprised, certainly gratified the country by its resolute attitude. All parties agree upon absolute necessity of resistance to further Russian advance toward India. The English view is that Russia seized the occasion when England was engaged in Egypt, and hoped to make another in the long series of forward steps in Central Asia.

Sir Peter Lumsden's presence on the Afghan frontier enabled early information to reach England. Sir Peter Lumsden, though nominally only a boundary commissioner, took the responsibility of advising the Afghans to occupy a portion of the disputed territory, and has now himself taken a position in Robat Pass, where, with a small force, he holds the road to Herat. The Ameer, thanks to the complete reversal of Lord Lytton's bullying policy, shows himself sensible and trustful. The approaching meeting of the Viceroy and the Ameer will convince all India, beside offering a convenient opportunity for massing a corps of the army.

In the meantime diplomatists throughout Europe are busy finding a solution of the Anglo-Russian problem. If Prince Bismarck could use his influence to England, the occasion was ready; but the visit of his son to London probably equally relates to Russian and Anglo-German disputes. It is almost certain that his influence will be us d in behalf of peace.

A St. Petersburg dispatch to the London *Times* says the Russian government has sent an official to England to withdraw the Russian frontier from the hills bordering on Herat, but states that it will not retire the troops from the positions occupied at Heri, Rud or Penjdeh, which, Russia claims, are essential to an effectual hold on the Turcomans. An active scattering of troops concentrated in Central Asia is taking place. It is reported that troops are moving from the Caucasus. The *Times*, in a leader, urges England to occupy and forty Herat at once, and check the Russian advance toward the interior of Afghanistan at any cost. It says if Russia wishes to fight, England is not only ready, but willing, and Russia has only to say the word.

The Russian batteries of horse artillery in Turkestan and along the Afghan frontier have been increased to six guns each.

The Pall Mall *Gazette* says it believes in the correctness of the news received last evening to the effect that the Russians had advanced their outpost in Zulfkar Pass further South, instead of withdrawing North as requested by England. The *Gazette* states there can be no doubt there are grave fears entertained of a collision between Russian and Afghan troops, as this last movement places the opposing outposts face to face. There is no indication, says the *Gazette*, that the Russians have gone beyond what they consider the Afghan boundary line.

The Colonial Question.

Advices from Cameroons January 19 say Hickorytown, Lockprisos, Fosstown, Mosoko and Belitown were burned to the ground and the natives sought refuge in the bush. King Bell is afraid to return. Two chiefs commenced a peace palaver after the German admiral sent two of his officers as hostages up the country. The admiral notifies the rebel chiefs that they must pay for the losses of English residents. A German judge will shortly adjudicate upon the claims. During the palaver the hostile natives repeatedly plundered English and German factories.

Blowitz, the London *Times'* correspondent at Paris, in a letter attacks Bismarck for indirection in his dealings with the British foreign office concerning the South Pacific islands. In the blue book on this subject, issued by the British government February 25, there is given a conversation early in February between Bismarck and Malet, the British ambassador at Berlin. The German Chancellor then read a dispatch which he said he had sent Count Munster, German ambassador in London, on the 5th of the preceding May, which purported to convey to England Bismarck's idea how Great Britain could assist Germany in her colonization schemes, and his promise to reciprocate by helping English interests nearer home. The dispatch urged England to fall in with the suggestions made, because in the event of refusal Germany would be compelled to ask French aid.

The Chancellor told Malet that, as Count Munster seemed to make no progress, it was feared in Berlin that he had not stated the point of the dispatch with sufficient strength, so Count Herbert Bismarck was sent to London to assure the success of the desired negotiations. Herbert obtained from the British Foreign Office nothing but general assurances of friendship. These were valueless, and Bismarck, when Malet expressed regret at the situation and assured Bismarck that England had no desire to thwart Germany's colonial ambitions asked him what he wanted, New Guinea or Zululand. The Chancellor replied that it was now too late to discuss the matter with England, because Germany already had an understanding with France. Blowitz accuses Bismarck of direct falsehood in these statements. He refers to the fact that Bismarck read the original dispatch to Malet as proof that it was never sent to London. Besides, Blowitz says, proceedet as if this dispatch had been sent to London to form the basis of the alliance of England and Germany concerning colonial annexation; as if its rejection by England had been formally and deliberately made; as if this rejection were an indorsement by England of the German-French alliance, and gave Germany certain liberty in the South Pacific, and then when asked for explanations about his encroachments on British possessions, produced as his warrant the original dispatch. This production, Blowitz avers, was made nine months after the date of the dispatch and just when it suited Bismarck's purpose.

The introduction of this system, says Blowitz, must create a panic in the political world. With such suppressed dispatches a strong power can do as it likes and turn might into right any time, so abolishing all international law.

Advices from the West Coast of Africa state that the Germans hauled down the British flag and hoisted the German at Victoria, an English mission town, situated at the head of Ambas Bay, adjoining the Cameroons territory. The English consul protested against this action, but his opposition was unheeded.

China.

Foreigners at Ning Po are exceedingly nervous. Threats are constantly made to massacre them.

Admiral Courbet's squadron arrived off Gutzloff, Thursday. He will dispatch cruisers from that point to capture vessels carrying rice.

A telegram from Tientsin says that in consequence of the French action against rice as contraband of war, the price has risen 20 per cent. in China.

Gen. Briere de Lisle telegraphs, February 28, that the French had started for Fuyenquan. The French garrison at Fuyenquan repulsed a furious night attack, inflicting heavy loss upon the Chinese.

The French fleet which has been bombarding Ching Hai has retired, after doing much damage.

Gen. Briere DeLisle, French commander in Tonquin, telegraphs that he has relieved the Belgians in the garrison at Thuyenquan. He says: "We arrived the 3d inst. at Thuyenquan. The black flags and Yunnan army had occupied the pass sides, which are inaccessible, and built forts with three lines of trenches before Duoc. The fighting was severe. Our troops behaved more admirably than ever. The enemy raised the siege of Thuyenquan, Saturday evening, the French garrison having fought 15 days. After the first breach in the body of the fortress the garrison sustained seven assaults, and caused an immense loss to the enemy. This siege should be counted among the most brilliant in the pages of our history. The gunboat Mitrailleuse actively assisted in the defense of Thuyenquan. Gen. Negrier's column pushed rapidly northward since the capture of Langson, and has now destroyed the line of forts which guarded the Chinese frontier, and blown up the fortifications known as the Gate of China."

Gen. Briere De Lisle telegraphs the government that his loss during two days' fighting to relieve the French garrison at Thuyenquan, was 66 killed and 133 wounded. The garrison itself lost 50 killed and 30 wounded. Thirty French officers are among the killed.

France.

The French chamber of deputies, by a vote of 264 to 150, finally passed the bill raising French duties on cereals.

Communist leaders have announced their intention to march through the streets of Paris on the anniversary of the commune, with red flags flying. The police fear serious riots.

A Canadian woman was arrested at Marseilles on a charge of theft. Papers found on her person contained plans of buildings in London, St. Peters burg and Berne. Documents in German and English, showing her to be connected with Irish and Russian revolutionists, were discovered under her lodgings. She boasted of her relations with leading anarchists.

Canada.

All the entrances leading to the parliament buildings in Ottawa are closed, with the exception of the main entrance to the building. No public reason is assigned for this, but the government thought it advisable to take every precaution against dynamiters.

The epidemic of measles has spread over all quarters, high and low, of Montreal. Scholars, without distinction, have been almost decimated of scholars, and if the disease is not soon arrested, will be closed. Adults are affected in numerous instances. Rev. Mr. Mills is so ill that his life is despaired of.

A large consignment of articles manufactured of prison labor in the United States has been seized in London, Can., being imported contrary to the law which came into effect Tuesday last, prohibiting the importation of articles so manufactured.

Ecuador.

A Panama dispatch of February 24 says: Two Americans were among the foreigners arrested here. The United States steamer Wachusett has been in Guayaquil, where conferences were held between Pres. Caamano, her captain, and Vice-Consul Reinberg. The Ecuadorian authorities claim that Santos is an Ecuadorian citizen, and deny his naturalization papers from the United States should protect him. The Wachusett has gone to Manta to open communication with Santos, who is in jail in an interior village. She will then go to Balna and inquire into the manner in which United States Vice Consul Goddard was treated, and why Mr. Constantine, an American resident in the port, was deprived of his goods by order of military satraps, after Floores, the chief offender, had left.

Cuba.

Miguel Suarez, the Spanish consul-general in New York, has received a dispatch from the governor-general of Cuba announcing that Carlos Aguero, the leader of the Cuban insurrectionists, had been shot dead while leading a force against the civil guard at Colon, which is 40 miles by rail southeast of Cardenas. The Associated Press received a dispatch saying that Aguero and Maljon were killed by civil guards at Amarillas on Monday evening. Amarillas is 25 miles further to the southeast. "I know nothing about the matter," Consul General Suarez said, "beyond the telegram sent to me. From it I understand that Aguero was in arms against the civil or city guard when he was shot and killed. I have no doubt this telegram is correct."

R. Rubieta, the editor of *El Saparatista*, had heard the news of Aguero's death when a reporter questioned him: "I don't believe a word of this report," he said, "for I know that the Spanish authorities wish Aguero dead, and have taken pleasure in announcing him dead a half-dozen times in as many months. Even if Aguero has fallen, he has able and brave subordinates who will take his place."

Aguero went to Key West from New York in June, 1884, and from there to New Orleans. The Spanish government made futile attempts to get him extradited while he was in Key West. From New Orleans he went back to Key West, and went from there on a schooner to Cardenas, and thence to Colon, where his army met him, and since then he has been harassing the Spaniards. He became a soldier in Gen. Agramonte's army in 1869, when he was fourteen years old, was made an ensign for bravery, and then reduced to the ranks for impetuosity in making a charge before his superior officer had ordered it. Later he was made a captain of cavalry, and again brought down to the ranks for a similar offense, and then made captain again. After the treaty of Sargon, he was arrested and held in prison as the leader of the rebellion for eighteen months. On his release in 1882 he came to New York to endeavor to gain recruits for his army, but was unsuccessful, and went back to Cuba to continue to fight with what ofrces he could raise there.

The Effect of Butler's Tewksbury Exposure.

Massachusetts people who dislike Ben Butler say that his Tewksbury investigation, during his term as governor, has caused the poor people of that state an incredible amount of suffering. A Boston gentleman, now in Washington, says the past winter has been more severe and protracted in Massachusetts than for many years, and the scarcity of work and low wages paid to the laboring people in the manufacturing towns and cities are making their situation more and more desperate every day. Under ordinary conditions the almshouse would be filled to overflowing, but this year the people refuse to go there. Among ignorant paupers of Massachusetts there is a firmly-rooted belief now that being committed to state protection at Tewksbury is equivalent to being cut for the amusement of doctors and medical students, and to having one's skin made into slippers for the adornment of the feet of fashionable Back Bay practitioners. This idea, in a modified form, is to be encountered among all the poorer classes, and even while the intelligent mill operative, who has been out of work a year or more, and whose family is freezing and starving, does not apprehend a chopping and tanning process, he nevertheless has morbid, if undefined, ideas that make the state poorhouse an object of inconceivable terror.

Dynamite and Saloons in Iowa.

For years a war has been carried on at Exira, Ia., over the liquor question, but last year the anti-prohibitionists elected their candidates, and a few weeks ago two saloons were opened. At the municipal election last Monday the license party carried everything. A few days after one of the saloonkeepers was arrested, but afterward dis-barged.

At midnight Saturday night a terrific explosion startled the town. An explosive package wound on a rope was placed in the recess in front of Morris & Heliman's saloon, one of the best buildings in the town. Both doors were blown open, one crashing through a partition 20 feet away. A large hole was blown in the floor, and nearly every particle of glass in the building was smashed. More or less glass was shattered in buildings 200 feet away.

Two men have been arrested charged with engineering the explosion. While the deed was doubtless instigated by one or two fanatical prohibitionists, the temperance men generally condemn it in the strongest terms and will aid in detecting and punishing the perpetrators. The people of Exira are frightened and excited and the attorney engaged in the prosecution openly chares that the justice of the peace is in collusion with the prisoners and will acquit them whatever evidence may be introduced.

The Railroad Strike in Texas Becoming Serious.

Railroad men admit that the strike has reached a most critical juncture. A report is current that Gov. Ireland has been asked to send troops to break the dead-lock along the Texas Pacific, but refused to comply for the same reason given for not calling the militia into action to suppress fence cutting. The mass of people in north Texas sympathize with the strikers, and their methods. If necessity arose for immediate action, it is doubtful if the militia would respond.

An agent of the labor unions passed through Dallas Sunday, en route for Fort Worth, where he proposes to make headquarters for the circulation of a petition appealing to Congress and the legislatures of the several states for immediate legislation "against the tyranny of unrestrained capital."

The strikers Saturday night sent a man to Boyce, La., on the Missouri Pacific road, to bring engines from there. He disabled two engines and brought one to Marshal, where the fire was drawn. This puts a stop to shipping freight from Shreveport to New Orleans. Quiet and order still prevails among the strikers.

Courtship and Dynamite in Pennsylvania.

Among the residents of Hollisterville, Pa., is a German basketmaker named Samuel Gower. He has a wife and two handsome daughters. The wife is a large muscular woman. A few night ago Frank Spangenberg and Jacob Beisecker, two young men, called on the basketmaker's daughters. Some difficulty arose during the evening, and Mrs. Gower put the two men out of the house in no gentle manner.

Late the next night the family was awakened by a noise on the outside of the house, and the basketmaker saw two men move away from the house and disappear. About 5 o'clock in the morning a loud explosion aroused the inmates of the house, which was shaken by the report. One of the girls looked from a window, and saw Frank Spangenberg running away from the house. The kitchen was full of smoke and was on fire in one or two places, besides being badly wrecked. Pieces of fuse and fragments of a large bottle were found in the debris.

Frank Spangenberg and Jacob Beisecker were arrested on the charge of being the parties who had attempted to blow up the basketmaker's house. They were taken before a justice of the peace, and he committed the prisoners to the Honesdale jail.

The Demon of Drink.

William G. Fox, a printer living in Williamsburg, N. Y., went home Saturday night drunk, and told his wife to say her prayers, as he intended to kill her and the two children before he went to bed. He seized an iron pot from the stove and hurled it at his wife. It fell upon the bed, and severely scalded his little daughter. The wife retreated into the bed-room, armed with an axe. The drunken brute burst open the door, and as he attempted to seize one of the children, she struck him on the head with the axe. She repeated the blow, and he fell to the floor. Then she ran for a doctor. Fox will probably die. The little girl's injuries are not dangerous. Mrs. Fox was arrested and held for examination Friday next. Coming to his senses, Fox said he could not blame his wife.

A War in Europe Means a Boom for the United States.

The absorbing topic of conversation on Wall street is the rumor in circulation among leading bankers and brokers to the effect that negotiations were in progress between American citizens and the Russian government for heavy supplies of munitions of war for the latter country. A prominent firm which is reported as having made contracts for the construction of war vessels for Russia does not deny the statement. The benefits that would accrue to this country in the event of a war between England and Russia were freely discussed by bankers, merchants and financiers generally at the Stock Exchange.

An Indian Outbreak.

Interest in the newly opened Crow Creek reservation is greatly increased on account of a report which has reached Mitchell, Dak., that the Indians are sweeping down on the settlers, driving them off the lands and destroying their improvements. Dispatches have been received from Col. King, of Chamberlain, requesting rifles and ammunition to be forwarded immediately, and they were sent by special train. The whole country is preparing to go to the aid of the whites, and trouble is feared.

Central America One Republic.

The following telegram from the secretary of foreign affairs of the republic of Guatemala has been received by Jacob Baiz, consul general for that country in New York: "Pres. Barrios has issued a decree proclaiming the union of Central America as one republic, and to realize the same has assumed supreme military command."

The Illinois Senatorship.

In the joint convention Monday, 15 senators and 58 representatives responded to roll call. Streeter voted for John C. Black, and Sharp, of Wabash, for Morrison.

HAVE YOU

Hot and dry skin?
Scalding sensations?
Swelling of the ankles?
Vague feelings of unrest?
Frothy or brick-dust fluids?
Acid stomach? Aching Loins?
Cramps, growing nervousness?
Strange soreness of the bowels?
Unaccountable languid feelings?
Short breath and pleuritic pains?
One-side headache? Backache?
Frequent attacks of the "blues"?
Fluttering and distress of the heart?
Albumen and tube casts in the water?
Fitful rheumatic pains and neuralgia?
Loss of appetite, flesh and strength?
Constipation alternating with looseness of the bowels?
Drowsiness by day, wakefulness at night?
Abundant pale, or scanty flow of dark water?
Chills and fever? Burning patches of skin? Then

YOU HAVE

BRIGHT'S DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS.

The above symptoms are not developed in any order, but appear, disappear and reappear until the disease gradually gets a firm grasp on the constitution, the kidney poisoned blood breaks down the nervous system, and finally pneumonia, diarrhœa, bloodlessness, heart disease, apoplexy, paralysis, or convulsions ensue and then death is inevitable. This fearful disease is not a rare one—**it is an every-day disorder, and claims more victims than any other complaint.**

It must be treated in time or it will gain the mastery. Don't neglect it. **Warner's SAFE Cure** has cured thousands of cases of the worst type, and it will cure you if you will use it promptly and as directed. It is the only specific for the universal

BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

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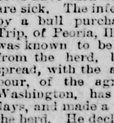

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CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

Ex-Pres. Arthur has been elected an honorary member of the New York Chamber of Commerce.

A sheep ranch in Dimmitt county, Tex., suspected of being a headquarters for cattle thieves, was raided, the overseer hanged, two herders shot and killed, and the sheep and cattle driven out and scattered in all directions.

It is said the Bankers' & Merchants' Telegraph company have defaulted in the payment of principal and interest on bonds given to the American Rapid Telegraph company, due March 1. The time was extended to March 10.

The daughters of Alfred L. Richon, residing in Maplewood, near Chicago, have petitioned for the appointment of a conservator to take charge of his estate, which is valued at $85,000, alleging that he is wasting his property through love for drink.

The famous Holstein cow, Echo, owned by F. E. Stevens, proprietor of the Maplewood stock farm, which gave birth to male triplets March 4, died Sunday near Attica, N. Y. Her owner refused $25,000 for her, and was offered $5,000 for a calf, if male. She had the largest milk record in the world. The calves are doing well.

Pleuro-Pneumonia.

Advices from Fulton, Mo., state that pleuro-pneumonia has developed in a herd of Jersey cattle belonging to the state lunatic asylum at that place, and that eight cows have died within a month, and others are sick. The infection was communicated by a bull purchased last July from S. S. Trip, of Peoria, Ill. As soon as the animal was known to be infected he was isolated from the herd, but the contagion had spread, with the above result. Dr. Trumbour, of the agricultural department at Washington, has been in Fulton several days, and made a thorough examination of the herd. He declares the disease pleuro-pneumonia, and advises the killing of the entire herd.

War on Bucket Shops.

The Governing committee of the New York Stock Exchange has decided that it will collect its own quotations and furnish them to whom it will, thus putting off the bucket shops. This action has been forced on the exchange by the multiplication of bucket-shops in every large town between New York and Omaha, living on the quotations of the exchange and making daily transactions of more than 500,000 shares. In fact the bucket shops are fast killing the parent exchange, and the Governing committee announce their action as a means of self-defense.

Barbed Wire.

At a meeting of the barbed wire men in Chicago it was decided to advance the prices of barbed wire one-eighth of a cent per pound; thick set wire is put at one-eighth over cattle wire; hog wire placed at the same figure, which is an advance of a quarter of a cent. These prices are for March delivery, and a further advance is threatened for April delivery.

Overwhelmed with Remorse.

Thirty years ago Mrs. Abigail Gardner was convicted of the murder of her husband in Hingham, Mass., and sentenced to life imprisonment. She is now 77. A few days ago she sent for the prison chaplain and confessed that she poisoned her husband, reiterating that a demon seemed to urge her on until the murder was committed. Mrs. Gardner is now overwhelmed with remorse for the crime.

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Market Column.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, WEDNESDAY, March 11, 1885.

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday:

Loans, increase	$3,793,000
Specie, increase	2,125,000
Legal tenders, decrease	3,096,000
Deposits, increase	3,058,000
Circulation, increase	178,000
Reserve, decrease	1,735,000

The banks now hold $47,385,000 in excess of legal requirements.

To-day's reports up to the latest hour by telegraph to the BLADE say money is easy at ⅓@½ cent. Bar silver, 100⅜. Stocks became weak in the last hour, and so continued until noon, when there was a slight recovery for some stocks. Lackawanna was conspicuous for its weakness. The rest of the list has been comparatively strong.

Government bonds—3s, 101¼; 4½s, 111⅞; 4s, 122¾; Pacific 6s, of '95, 125.

The following will show the change in Government bonds during the past week:

	March 10.	March 3.
4½'s coupons	111¾	111⅝
4's coupons	122¾	122¾
3½s registered	101¾	101⅝
Pacific 6's, '95	125	125

TRADE.

Within the week just closed there was a slightly better feeling in trade circles, although business has not had a marked improvement. The past week is expected to exhibit a more favorable state of trade than the one just closed.

THE MARKETS.

On Tuesday of last week No. 2 Red wheat, regular, sold in this market at 74¾c; on Wednesday it marke 1 75¾c; on Thursday 78¾c was the value; on Friday it noted 78¾c; on Saturday 78c, and on Monday it marked 78c, showing an advance for the week of 2¼c.

The wheat markets of the United States during the week just closed were irregular. The course of trade was strongly upward until Friday, when the highest point was touched. No. 2 Red wheat on that day was 3½c higher than at the close on Tuesday, and May delivery was 2¾c improved. On Saturday there was a weak tone, but on Monday values were slightly advanced, exhibiting, as compared with the opening day last week, an advance of 2¾c on cash and 2c on May delivery wheat. The causes which lead to the strong upward tendency were the war cloud in Asia, which threatened war between England and Russia discouraging reports on winter killed wheat in Southern Ohio and elsewhere, and the duty laid upon the cereals by the French Chambers. More favorable advices as to threatened war, and that France would not prove an injurious factor in the exports of American wheat, had a quieting effect and prices in consequence receded a little. As to the question of prices there are not a few operators who believe that wheat will go down below 75c before the end of March. These calculations may have a good basis, but at